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NOVEMBER 1944

The American Mercury

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Sir Norman Angell

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VENEREAL DISEASE AND WAR

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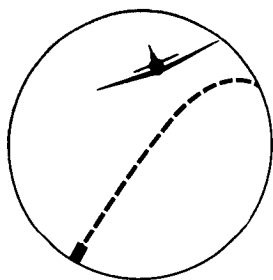


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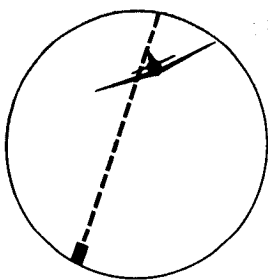
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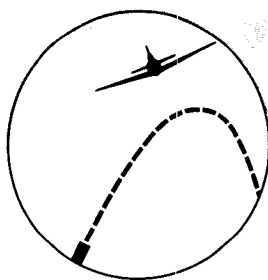
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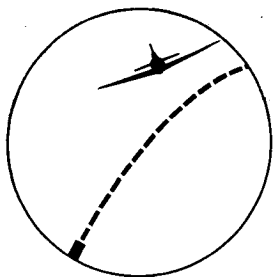
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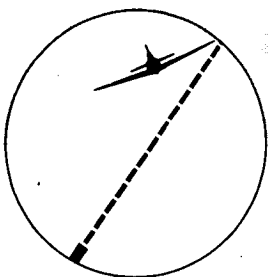
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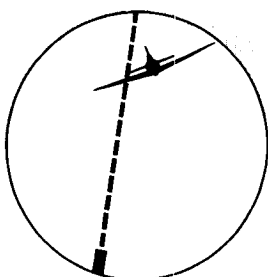
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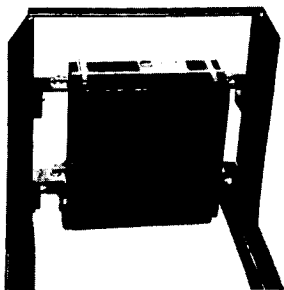
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TAILOR'S PROGRESS, by Benjamin Stolberg. \$2.75. *An American Mercury Book. Doubleday, Doran.* Here is the full story of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union, one of the oldest, most colorful, and most progressive labor organizations in the annals of the United States. Mr. Stolberg considers it from every one of its aspects — as a powerful force in the improvement of the conditions of the garment workers, as an educational and health service, as an entertainment enterprise, and as a political weapon — and he does so with his celebrated succinctness and brilliance of phrase. He is especially effective in his sketches of the many men and women who have led the ILGWU to its present eminence — Abraham Cahan, David Dubinsky, Meyer London, Morris Hillquit, Joseph Barondess, Dr. George M. Price, Max Danish and dozens of others. Altogether, a milestone in the history of labor union literature and a volume of enduring value. There are many excellent reproductions of photographs.

OF MEN AND BATTLE, pictures by David Fredenthal; text by Richard Wilcox. \$3.00. *Howell, Soskin.* **INVASION!**, by Charles Christian Wertenbaker, with photographs by Robert Capa, \$2.50. *Appleton-Century.* The tradition that the artist with pencil or brush can depict war, or any phase of it, more penetratingly than the artist with a camera, is dying hard. Publications and the armed services are providing the former with unlimited opportunities to show they can eclipse the Bob Capas, the Bob Bryants, the Sam Goldsteins and the others whose medium is the lens, but the evidence they have offered so far is unconvincing. Mr. Fredenthal's work, which was commissioned by, and published in part by *Life*, is no exception. The captions by *Life* editor Wilcox aren't much help; if anything, they are more sentimental than the artist's work. War is a subject demanding stark, uncompromising realism in representation. That this can be done with consummate artistry is evident in the photographs by Capa, also a *Life* artist, chosen to ac-

company Wertenbaker's quick roundup and re-write, plus the usual *Time-Life* embellishments, of the surface details of the first phase of the Allied invasion of France. (Its details stop with July 3, but at the end there is a quick summary of events up to August 15.)

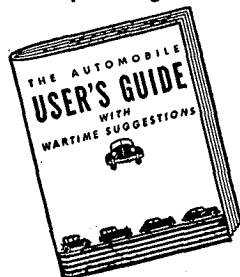
WHAT AMERICA THINKS, by William A. Lydgate. \$3.00. *Crowell*. A summary and interpretation of the reports of the American Institute of Public Opinion (the Gallup Poll) in the last seven years, by the managing editor of the Poll. He concludes that the innate common sense of the great body of Americans is trustworthy; that the nation's "leaders" do not lead so much as they are led; that there are but few instances when the majority of our people were not in favor of doing something long before either the legislative or the executive branch of the government got around to, or worked up the courage, to do it. But he also finds that the American public is not always well informed and that it often wants change for the sake of change and no other reason. He offers a clear explanation of the machinery of polling. Altogether, a fascinating document. The index provides quick access to impressive commentary on almost every important phase of public affairs likely to be discussed.

WRITERS AND THEIR CRITICS, by Henri Peyre. \$3.00. *The Cornell University Press*. The Sterling professor of French in Yale University has here written an original and very useful book. He reviews some of the most glaring critical "errors" in English, French, German and American literature during the past three centuries, and then considers such topics as "obscurity and obscurism in literature" and "the myth of posterity." Dr. Peyre proves abundantly "the inability or unwillingness of critics to understand their contemporaries," and he also presents massive evidence of "posterity's endless variations" in its judgments of its literary great. Occasionally he is as dogmatic regarding some contemporary writers as the very critics of old whom he rightly denounces, and in a few instances he is not altogether easy to follow in his theorizing, but on the whole his volume makes very illuminating reading—and it should serve to make all literary critics more humble. A first-rate bibliography and a good index are appended.

(Continued on page 632)

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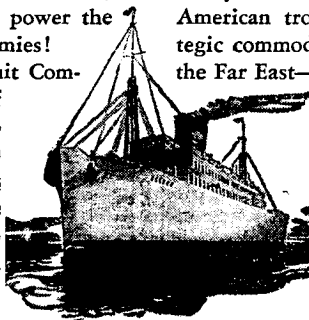


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PEACE AND THE COMMON MAN

BY NORMAN ANGELL

FOR half a century my main interest has been politics in its bearing on war and peace. In my lifetime I have watched the genesis, progress and termination of some twenty wars, big and little; attended closely some of the peacemaking, including that of World War I; observed during two decades the drift into World War II, and uttered almost daily warnings against that drift. Does any especial conclusion stand out?

Yes, this one: We cannot prevent war unless we recognize that its final source, its ultimate cause, does not lie in the wickedness of rulers and diplomats, nor in the avarice of international financiers and armament

makers; nor in "the contradictions of capitalism." In so far as those factors operate, they are secondary. The primary cause is the defective political judgment of the ordinary man and voter; the ease with which electorates and whole peoples, without in the least wanting or intending war, can be led by demagogues — themselves often oblivious of the mischief they do — to support foreign policies which make war inevitable. Only by the modification of certain very popular attitudes can we organize peace. Without that, our plans, whatever they may be, will fail.

This generalization is not special to any particular country. In lesser or

SIR NORMAN ANGELL, who was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1933, has been writing on international affairs for nearly fifty years, and is the author of more than a dozen books, the best known of which are *The Great Illusion*, *The Story of Money* and *Let the People Know*. For about six years in his youth he worked as a farm hand and cowboy in the West.

greater degree, it applies to all. The tendency of political discussion, both Right and Left, is to evade this fact of final popular responsibility, or flatly deny it, with the result of blocking those changes of attitude and political temper necessary for peace, for stable democracy and for freedom.

The most obvious distortions of the public judgment in international affairs have their roots in the perversion of nationality. That instinct in some form is probably indispensable to civilization. It is a rough and ready means by which we realize that within the frontiers at least we make a corporate body, are truly members one of another. But like most instincts useful to society in disciplined form, it can become utterly destructive if subject to no intelligent restraint or direction or sense of moral responsibility; as the results of the instincts exploited by Hitler disastrously prove.

It is not merely within Germany that the instinct of nationality has betrayed men. If a relatively small criminal gang was able to make itself master of a score of nations and some three hundred million human beings, it was because an unruly and unbridled nationalism had also made impossible for non-German nations any effective or intelligent co-operation for mutual defense. The Hitlerite gang could thus pick off these nations one by one. Nor is this situation special to Europe. The potential power of Germany and Japan combined was no more than 10 per cent of that of their victims. This means that civilization as a whole

failed to defend itself against its criminals (at a cost less than torment and agony on a world scale) because the anti-social element in nationalism stood in the way of even a rudimentary society being formed. The instincts behind our anarchy are evidently, therefore, so deep and universal, that unless the individual citizen, "the common man," is prepared to take stock of his motives, to recognize, for instance, that his instinct to refuse co-operation with foreigners has been an evil force, the future is not likely to be permanently much better than the past.

Nationalism, of course, is not the sole cause of anarchy. A free society rests in the last analysis on the broad wisdom of the individual man, the citizen. And no man can be wise if he is convinced that he is by nature infallible; that he is incapable of error, that his decisions are those of God Himself. Yet this is what the Left as well as the Right tells the ordinary citizen. The nationalist Right tells him he has no responsibility for any war in which his country may be engaged, insists that all blame rests with foreigners; that "our" nation (whichever one it happens to be) is always right, a view re-enforced by school histories, a vast amount of editorial writing and political oratory. From the Left the ordinary voter is assured that he has no responsibility because wars are made by capitalists, or are an inevitable result of the capitalist system. The "people" are blameless; they are indeed infal-

lible. Is not their voice the voice of God?

The nationalist Right and the Marxist Left are equally insistent upon the blamelessness of "the common man." Both provide complete alibis and search out scapegoats: the Right offers the foreigner as the prime scapegoat; the Left offers the capitalist.

This whole proposition that no responsibility rests with the people, the common men, is thrown overboard completely when we come to the case of Germany. We deny that the Voice of the People is the Voice of God, if the people are German or Japanese. When some argue that the German people are not responsible for the abominations inflicted on mankind, that only Hitler and the Nazis are to blame, most of us very rightly reject the plea. Indeed, to accept it would be to indict the German people as uncivilized. For the excuse or plea would mean that we regard them as incapable of self-government, of controlling their government, of managing their affairs in civilized fashion. If Al Capone had taken over the government of the United States and had installed himself as dictator in the White House, we should rightly regard this as a shocking condemnation of the capacity of the American people for maintaining civilized government. What were they up to, we should ask, to allow it? What had reduced Americans to such social impotence that they had proved themselves incapable of the very first function of civilization, which is to use the col-

lective power of the community to restrain a minority of murderers and thugs? On the people rests the ultimate responsibility.

But have not we, the Allies, particularly Britain and America, proved ourselves guilty of precisely that same collective impotence in the international field? If we had maintained, even for ten or fifteen years after the last victory, a unity sufficient to use our collective power, we could have deterred the international Al Capones or stopped them at a tiny fraction of the cost we are now facing. Indeed, we could have done so if the Anglo-American co-operation which was the center of Allied power at the close of the first war, and which we have been compelled to re-establish for this war, had been maintained. We refused to continue co-operation, once the immediate and visible danger passed. We quarreled and bickered over minor things like children. We did our best to disarm each other, because we were jealous of each other's power. In the years which followed the first war it was easier to blame each other than to work with each other; to discover scapegoats than to examine each his own errors. The common man was not encouraged to face his responsibilities.

II

A month or two ago, a very eminent American Leftist presented in a public address an analysis of the failure of the last peace and of the forces which produced a second world war. The fail-

ure of the peace was due, we were assured, to the determination of "the ruling classes to crush the emerging forces of popular revolt" and "maintain the power of the established ruling groups"; "to hold the people in subjection," the implication being that the people would have established peace and knew how to do it, if they had not been deliberately prevented by "the ruling class," the capitalists, the bankers, Wall Street. These latter groups were presumed to have some vested interests in bringing about or encouraging wars which involve, even in America, a 50, 60, 70 per cent income tax on large incomes; and in England such taxation that today there are not in that country a hundred persons with annual incomes as much as twenty thousand dollars when the tax gatherer is through with them. This oration — which was of the kind I have heard from Leftist orators some hundreds of times in the last twenty years — was delivered in the presence of a great many eminent writers and commentators; and there was no audible dissent.

Test it by the record. The chief "ruling powers" at the time of the last peacemaking were Wilson in the United States and Lloyd George in Britain. Both urged certain policies, which, first the legislatures, and later the electorates in both countries rejected. We now know in the light of the event that if the policies which the rulers urged and which the people rejected had been adopted, we should probably have avoided the second

World War. In any case the chances of doing so would have been enormously increased if popular feeling had supported the rulers.

Take Wilson's crusade. The mere fact of America's participation in the League would not of itself have saved peace. That would have depended on what America did after she joined. But Wilson's effort was at least a move toward that co-operation of America in international affairs without which peace cannot be maintained. Does it truly describe the history of the League fight to say that "the ruling classes opposed" and the people fought for the League? As far as America was concerned, Wilson and his friends *were* "the ruling class" at that particular moment; they were the American Government asking for the support of the electorate in a new departure in foreign policy, a support which "the ruling class" failed to get. There was in fact a wild oscillation of popular opinion concerning the League: in 1917-18-19 popular support ran on the whole in favor. Then it quickly veered to opposition, or — and this is of primary importance — to indifference, followed by absorption in purely domestic issues. As Mr. Sumner Welles, confirming other historians, sums up the matter in his recent book: "The issue just did not seem to be of any importance." The public had not yet learned to put first things first.

There is not the slightest evidence that "the capitalist classes" were any more opposed to the League than,

say, trade unionists. Indeed much of the campaign against the League was based on the charge that finance and big business favored it. Ruth Cranston, who has made a careful investigation, reports: A referendum of chambers of commerce gave a 96 per cent majority in favor of the League; the Associated Advertising Clubs supported it; the American Bankers Association took the same line; the head of the United States Steel Corporation urged ratification; as did the president of the New York Life Insurance Company; as did also Thomas Lamont and many other prominent businessmen.

A good criterion of public judgment in foreign policy at that time is to be found in one crucial aspect of the peace settlement. That settlement came at the close of a war in which tens of thousands of British and American youth had perished on French soil because the defense of that soil had been seen to be indispensable to the defense of Britain and the United States. Any hope of preventing a repetition of the war depended upon warning Germany that in the event of another attack upon France the English-speaking powers would come once more to her aid.

A great deal more than the defense of France was involved. A tenable world situation at that moment cried aloud for the recognition of a new fact in international relations, or an old fact made urgent, namely that no nation on earth could any more defend itself by its own power. True, a much wider system of guarantees than the

mere tripartite arrangement for which France pleaded would have been necessary. But a beginning had to be made with France, where both America and Britain had found themselves compelled to do battle, or a security system could get nowhere.

There were only two powers in the world at that time which could give such guarantees: the United States and Britain. (Try to name any others whose guarantees at that time would have made sense.) The tripartite agreement did not necessarily mean adherence to the League by America. It could have been regarded as an adaptation or extension of the Monroe Doctrine to cover more than the Western Hemisphere (a proposal made by Madison 120 years ago). But just as the Monroe Doctrine demanded Anglo-American co-operation and could not have existed without it, so did this guarantee to France.

The "ruling classes" in the shape of the actual heads of governments of the three nations recognized this pressing need. They were strongly in favor of a guarantee to France. Wilson and Lloyd George promised it, subject only to final ratification by the home legislatures.

III

Well, we know what happened. Parliament and Congress both refused to ratify the arrangement which the French government had implored us to make, which the American President and the British prime minister

implored us to make. And from the moment of that refusal began the drift to World War II, a drift accelerated by self-defeating popular demands in Britain for vast reparations coupled with a prohibition of any increase in German exports, and popular demands in America for the repayment of British debts coupled with a demand for tariff increases to exclude British goods.

There is not the faintest evidence that the guarantees asked for by Wilson and Lloyd George, which might have been the beginnings of a peace system, were opposed by organized capital or finance either in France, or Britain or America. Individual capitalists or bankers may have opposed "tying ourselves up with a lot of foreigners," because capitalists can be just as stupid and shortsighted as anybody else. But there was nothing in the proposed peace arrangement inimical to capitalism (or for that matter to socialism). As to reparations and debts, bankers and business leaders, because they understood the processes of international payments, showed themselves a good deal wiser than Congress or Parliament, or the public as a whole.

The failure of ratification, like the insistence upon an impossible and self-defeating reparations and debt policy, was due to a swelling movement of popular opinion which Parliament and Congress reflected and which was shortly to grow, in the United States, into the conviction that American participation in the first World War had been the result of a vast swindle

of which this country had been the victim.

This is not guess-work. At one time public opinion polls showed an overwhelming majority in favor of the view that America had made a grave mistake in entering the war at all. The verdict of the polls was surely confirmed by the whole spirit of the Neutrality and Johnson Acts, legislation deliberately designed to prevent the country ever adopting again the policy of participation which it adopted in 1917 — and which it was to adopt again in a few years' time.

What misled the public? It is curious that Leftists in the United States so readily overlook the fact that by making the capitalist and the banker their scapegoats, they have powerfully re-enforced reactionary isolationism and helped to lead America away from, and not towards, a policy of international co-operation. The isolationist rampage in the interwar years, right up to the time of the fight against lend-lease, was enormously helped by the never-ending assertion that behind the policy of European co-operation was to be found the intrigues of "international finance" or "the armament cartel," the constant iteration of the charge that "the Morgans got us into the last war and will get us into the next."

This was the theme song accompanying such episodes as the Nye senatorial investigations. George Seldes, the Left-Winger, wrote at about that time, "No reason for war remains except sudden profits for the fifty men who run the

munitions racket." There sprang up in those years a whole literature "exposing" secret British plots concocted with the connivance of American bankers to drag the country once more into war. As an explanation of the prime cause of war it was, of course, attractive: simple, understandable, with all the fascination of a movie thriller — deep plots, hateful villains, suave and wicked diplomats, the whole bag of tricks. The vital fact is that the public, while being thus entertained, was relieved of any responsibility whatsoever for the outcome.

IV

The political judgment of the ordinary voter suffered also in those interwar years from a sort of spontaneous intellectual alliance of Marxist Leftists and reactionary anti-British isolationists.

To the Marxist, the capitalists were the cause of war. Colonel Robert R. McCormick was quite willing to support this theme provided the culprits were shown to be British capitalists or American Anglophiles. In France, of course, the alliance of the extreme Left and extreme Right was more formal. For about the first two years of the present war, the many French Communists — powerful enough to put more than seventy members in the Chamber of Deputies — opposed and sabotaged the war effort against Germany as vigorously as Laval himself.

The Marxist attitude has helped in

another way to thwart the only kind of international co-operation that can deal with a Hitlerite menace — the kind, that is, which is now operating, the co-operation of nations of differing economic and political systems. The Leftist tendency has been to insist that there can be no dependable international co-operation for peace until the capitalist system, indeed the whole principle of private property, has been swept away. Mr. H. N. Brailsford put the issue as "property or peace." In a book so entitled, he wrote that "war is the outgrowth of the system of property. . . . Socialism alone can arrest the logical movement by which property generates war." Peace, he added, "can only be reached by a relentless concentration on the single purpose of abolishing private property in the means of life." He went on to urge "the deliberate narrowing of ourselves, a set fanaticism that will neither pause nor capitulate till its central purpose is achieved."

Now a *bourgeois* society might be willing to accept some form of international co-operation for defense which left its chosen "way of life" broadly undisturbed. But the extreme Left insisted that there could be no international co-operation adequate to the prevention of war unless the whole way of life was uprooted; unless, in Mr. Harold Laski's favorite phrase, the foundations of the old society are utterly blasted and a new society born. Nothing could be changed unless everything was changed. The Left tended to make any international

organization conditional upon acceptance of socio-economic doctrines which Western nations were bound to reject.

Events, of course, have disproved completely the theory that economic transformation must precede international co-operation. Today a capitalist Britain and United States are using their power to defend Russia's right to remain a Communist state; and Communist Russia is using its power to defend the right of Britain and America to remain "free enterprise" nations. Capitalist nations have not had to abandon capitalism in order to co-operate for mutual defense. The simple fact of the existing situation is proof that what is needed for the maintenance of peace against lawlessness is a form of political co-operation which would put first the purpose of survival, the collective defense of the right to national life, irrespective of differences in economic and social structure.

When we speak of "the people" as standing in common for one group of interests or policies as against "the ruling class" standing for an opposed group, we present a picture which has no relation to certain simple, undeniable, outstanding facts. "The people" presumably include organized labor. Has it ever at any time had a single opinion about peace, foreign policy, League of Nations, and what not? Is the CIO entirely in agreement with John L. Lewis, or the AF of L? Or any one of the three with the other two? Communists, also, presumably, make part of "the people."

(They insist indeed that they *are* the people.) For nearly two years they bitterly opposed the present war. They denied it was the people's war. So did the group of socialists headed by Mr. Norman Thomas. So did numerous writers including Mr. Charles Beard, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Mr. Sinclair Lewis; dozens of eminent journalists and commentators, some thousands of the clergy and tens of thousands of their congregations. Are we to conclude, since this is now "the people's war," that none of these trade unionists, and Communists and Socialists and writers and clergy made part of the people? Or that they were in some way corrupted by Wall Street and the ruling powers? There is really little evidence to support the idea.

Who, then, *are* the people? Who is the common man who must prevent war?

I suggest that you and I are "the people," or make part of the people; and that, unless we are egregious prigs, we know ourselves to be common men, a little more familiar perhaps with the minutiae of European history and politics than the taxi driver or the elevator man, but not so familiar in all likelihood, with human nature, which is so large a part of politics; nor with the difficulties of holding down a poorly paid job and raising a family while doing it; and with many other very important things.

The voice of the people is the voice of God in the sense that people have the right to the last word in their

own fate, to determine it wrongly, even; that no one else has that right. But to take the slogan about the voice of the people being the voice of God to mean, not merely that the people (*i.e.*, you and I) have the right of decision, but that by some magic the decision itself is bound to be a wise one; that you and I (*i.e.*, the people) can never be mistaken, never be misled by tiredness, impatience, irritation, insufficient data, prejudice, obscure personal animosities (obscure even to ourselves), imitativeness, desire to be in the swim, on the bandwagon, subject to contagious panic — such a proposition is exceedingly dangerous nonsense, and if persisted in will destroy democracy.

Our nations are at this moment engaged in devising a plan of peace, an international constitution. But constitutions do not work themselves automatically. They are worked by men, and whether they succeed or not depends upon the way they are worked. In the nineteenth century certain Latin American republics noted that the United States managed to avoid the dictatorships, revolutions, everlasting civil wars which at that period marked parts of Latin America. So certain of them adopted a constitution exactly like that of the United States. But the new constitution made not the slightest difference; the revolutions and the dictatorships went on as before.

It comes to this: If we are to prevent a third world war we must, as nations, co-operate much more closely

than we have done heretofore. But any effective co-operation involves some surrender of rights in the interests of greater national independence, some acknowledgment that the nation cannot ensure its own survival by its own power; that it needs the help of foreigners; that it must in some measure trust them, and assume obligations toward them.

All this does violence to popular emotions, those deep instincts that gather particularly about nationalism. Only an individual sense of responsibility for sober and disciplined judgment can bring about the necessary change of attitude. A political philosophy which insists that the ultimate responsibility does not lie with the citizen, but with foreigners, or Jews or capitalists, or bankers, or the ruling class, or the economic system militates strongly against this necessary change, against the development of that sound political judgment which is the foundation of democracy, and which is nowhere so indispensable as in the shaping of foreign policy, where nationalist emotion is so apt to distort judgment. To suggest that the public, "the common men" are infallible, in all decisions blameless, is in fact to claim infallibility for ourselves, to evade our responsibility by shifting in advance all errors on to scapegoats, to yield to that demagoguery which is so often the worst enemy of democracy.

It is for these reasons that the ultimate responsibility of the common man has here been emphasized.

UNREVEALED FACTS ABOUT ROBERT MURPHY

BY KINGSBURY SMITH

In this article Mr. Smith presents the first detailed disclosures of what actually took place in our relations with Admiral Darlan and General de Gaulle at the time of the North African invasion. He says: "I have the approval of the State Department to write this hitherto unrevealed picture of Mr. Robert Murphy's work. I had a long talk with Mr. Murphy before he left Washington, and I quote him in this article verbatim."

Mr. Smith is the distinguished Washington correspondent whose articles dealing with affairs of the State Department have been the cause of international discussion and debate. — THE EDITORS.

ROBERT DANIEL MURPHY has become the most controversial figure in American diplomacy. Critics condemn him as a conservative reactionary who negotiated a nefarious deal secretly with the late Admiral Jean Darlan in North Africa. As American adviser on the Allied Mediterranean Commission, he was accused of responsibility for the action of the Allied military authorities in accepting the co-operation of some former Fascists in Italy and in failing to establish a true democracy in that defeated ex-enemy country. Left-wing elements in the United States are now up in arms because this fifty-year-old career diplomat has been appointed political adviser on German affairs to General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull and

his associates contend that Murphy has proved to be one of America's ace diplomatic trouble-shooters. Hull has acclaimed him as the leader in the movement that saved North Africa from German occupation and kept the Mediterranean bases out of Nazi hands. Murphy is credited not only with paving the way for the American North African expedition in November 1942, but also with having saved the lives of at least 16,000 American soldiers through the arrangement he made with Darlan.

As political adviser on German affairs to General Eisenhower with the rank of ambassador, Murphy is destined to play a prominent part in the Allied occupation and control of Germany. He will be the spokesman for American policy in respect to the treatment to be accorded a defeated

Germany. What is the truth about the background and activities of this man?

Until two years ago, Murphy was virtually unknown to the American people. Up to that time he had spent twenty-five years working quietly in the background as a servant of his country abroad. Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on October 28, 1894, he came out of the West to make his own way in the world. His was not the case of the son of a rich man who is given a soft job in the diplomatic service. He started out as a lowly clerk in the Post Office Department in 1916. In his spare time he studied law, attended George Washington University, and obtained admission to the bar in the District of Columbia. He entered on his diplomatic career as a clerk in the American Legation at Berne, Switzerland, in 1917.

He has none of the reserved, stiff-shirt, snobbish mannerisms commonly associated with the professional diplomat. Affable, quick to smile, and youthful in appearance, except for his thinning hair, he looks more like a businessman than a diplomat. Although he received the Distinguished Service Medal from General Eisenhower for his work in North Africa, he remains extremely modest and is bewildered by the controversy that is raging about him. He feels that he has merely carried out, sometimes with success, the directives issued to him by the State Department and the military authorities. Ordinarily a warm-hearted, friendly sort of person, he nevertheless talks pointedly and

wastes no time with diplomatic verbiage. He considers himself a liberal, but he has no Communistic leanings. He believes the United States must work with Soviet Russia in the interests of world peace, but he is pro-American rather than pro-Russian, pro-British, or pro-French.

II

The most bitter criticism of Murphy has centered around his handling of the situation in North Africa, particularly his so-called "Deal with Darlan." Let's look at the record as it exists in the official files of the State Department, rather than in the perturbed minds of ill-informed persons.

Murphy was counsellor of the American Embassy in Paris at the time of the fall of France. He was assigned to Vichy in the same capacity when the Pétain government was established there. When the problem of preventing the Germans from occupying French North Africa and gaining control of the vital naval and air bases in that territory arose, Murphy was sent there to try diplomatically to combat the pressure which the Nazis were exerting. He helped work out an economic agreement whereby the United States would give the North African French non-military supplies, which were urgently needed, in return for assurances that the bases would be kept out of German hands. He hustled around from one end of French North Africa to the other, making friends with military and political leaders,

and trying to convince them that Germany was not going to win the war. He established listening posts around the country with American diplomatic agents, to keep watch on the activities of the Germans and Italians.

When, in the summer of 1942, the historic decision was reached by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill to send an Anglo-American expeditionary force to drive the Axis powers out of French North Africa, Murphy went to work to pave the way for the landing. His directive from the State and War Departments was to win over as many of the French military and political leaders as he could to ensure there would be little or no resistance when the Allied landing occurred. Naturally, he could not reveal when the invasion would take place or even state definitely that the decision had been reached to move into French North Africa. He had to exercise the utmost caution in his talks with the French so that the Axis agents would not get wind of the Allied intentions.

In his efforts to win over the French, he could proceed at first only on the hypothetical basis that if the Americans and British eventually landed in France's North African possession, they would want to be sure the French military forces did not resist them. The French military leaders with whom Murphy talked did not take him seriously at first. They did not believe the United States or Britain was in any position to launch a

full-scale invasion of French North Africa at that time. They still thought Germany was going to win the war, and they wanted no abortive "raids" in French North Africa which would result in the Germans' occupying all of that territory.

Like most high-ranking officers of the French military caste, the generals in North Africa stuck to their code of honor in respect to their oath of allegiance to a central authority. They had received orders to resist the invasion of French North Africa from any quarter, Axis or Allied, and they were not disposed to agree to mutiny in some risky adventure, in the success of which they had little faith anyway.

It became apparent that the only hope of winning them over quickly at the crucial moment was to get the support of some well known French military leader who had enough prestige to order no resistance to the Allied landing and to have his order obeyed.

The Anglo-American high command decided that General Maxime Weygand would be the most suitable man. He had recently been recalled to Vichy from his post as Delegate of the Government for North Africa and military commander, at the insistence of the Germans, who were suspicious of him. Contrary to some reports, however, the Allies had not approached him while he was in North Africa. American agents did contact him in France after his recall. He was informed in the strictest confidence of the plan to occupy French North

Africa. He was offered the opportunity of joining the Allied expeditionary force and becoming the leader of France's colonial empire if he would issue the orders to cease resistance at the appropriate time. Weygand not only rejected the offer, but he also tipped off Marshal Pétain on what the Allies had in mind. It must be added, in fairness to both Weygand and Pétain, that there is no evidence that they ever passed on this information to the Germans.

It then became necessary to look for another French military leader who would command the respect of the generals in North Africa. This was no easy task. There were not many such men available. The decision was made to approach General Henri Giraud. Not noted for brilliant military leadership, he was, nevertheless, one of France's most famous modern heroes, chiefly because of his escapes from German war prisons in both the last war and this one. His almost miraculous flight from the German fortress of Königsberg had stirred the imagination of the world. It was hoped his dramatic appearance in North Africa with the Allied forces of liberation would so emotionally move the generals there that they would be willing to accept his orders. Giraud accepted the overtures made to him by American agents.

Meanwhile, Murphy was still carrying on behind the scenes in North Africa, obtaining support for the Allies. He established clandestine radio

stations for communicating with the Allied command. He also arranged for General Mark Clark's secret midnight meeting with French leaders in Algeria prior to the invasion.

The work for which he later received the Distinguished Service Medal was done, however, on the night of D Day, when the great armada of American and British convoys approached French North African shores.

Murphy's final directive from the Allied high command was to visit General Alphonse Pierre Juin, commander-in-chief of the French forces in Algeria, a few hours before the invasion and appeal to him to order no resistance.

At 12:45 A.M. November 7, 1942, Murphy went to the home of General Juin in Algiers. So well had the secret of the Allied plans been kept that the French general was asleep upstairs in his bedroom when Murphy arrived. Juin came downstairs in his pajamas.

"I am," Murphy told him, "happy to say that I have been instructed by my government to inform you that American and British armies of liberation are about to land. Within a few hours we shall land a great force to free French North Africa. I am instructed to request you in the interests of French liberty to aid us by ordering the forces under your command to offer no resistance."

Murphy, in his subsequent report to the State Department, said General Juin was highly perturbed. He said to Murphy: "You mean you are invading French territory?"

"No," replied Murphy, "we are coming by invitation."

"By whose invitation?" Juin asked.

"By the invitation of General Giraud."

"Is he here?" Juin exclaimed.

"No," Murphy said, "he is at Gibraltar, but he will be here soon."

"You know my sympathies are with you," Juin said. "I want to see French North Africa and France liberated. Unfortunately, however, I am not now in a position to issue the orders you request. Admiral Darlan has arrived here unexpectedly to see his son. He is my superior. He is commander-in-chief of all French forces. He can immediately countermand any orders I issue. If he does so, the commands will respect his orders, not mine."

It was true that Darlan had arrived suddenly on the scene. Whether he came simply to visit his son, who was critically ill with infantile paralysis, or whether he suspected something was afoot, is not certain to this day. Darlan took that secret with him to his grave when he was assassinated. His arrival could easily have been a coincidence. His wife had arrived three days before him and found his son in grave danger. She may have sent an urgent message to the father to come to the bedside. On the other hand, Murphy suspects Pétain told Darlan of the information he had received from Weygand. It is highly probable that in addition to seeing his son, the Admiral intended to look into the situation in North Africa.

At any rate, he was there and Juin

was unwilling and unable to do what the Allies wanted him to do, in view of the Admiral's presence. Murphy had to think and act quickly.

"Very well," he said to Juin, "let us get Admiral Darlan here immediately. There is no time to lose. The armies may be landing at this very minute."

Darlan was staying at the nearby house of Admiral Feynard (now French naval representative in Washington). An urgent message was sent to him to come to General Juin's house. He came over within half an hour, accompanied by Admirals Feynard and Battet.

Murphy repeated to Darlan the instructions he had given Juin. The Admiral's face, Murphy recalls, turned purple with rage.

"I know the British are stupid," he said, "but I did not think you Americans would be so stupid."

Darlan feared we did not have enough strength to be successful. He also felt we should have waited until we were able to invade southern France simultaneously.

"Do you not remember," Murphy said to Darlan, "what you told Admiral Leahy in Vichy in July 1941 — that if and when the Americans had half a million men to invade France, to come to you?"

"Well, we now have that force; nearly half a million men are about to land on French North African shores. We have now come to you."

Murphy appealed to Darlan's patriotism. He emphasized that America

and Britain were taking the first step in the liberation of France.

Darlan paced the floor for fifteen minutes. Beads of perspiration rolled off his forehead. He said to Murphy:

"You know, I have taken an oath to Marshal Pétain to resist any invasion of French North African territory from any quarter. You know what it means to take an oath to your government. I have taken a solemn oath to the Marshal. He is the chief of state. I cannot violate my oath."

Murphy reminded the Admiral that he was commander-in-chief of all French forces; that he was on the spot; that there was no time for delay.

"It is your responsibility whether you like it or not," Murphy told Darlan. "Surely you do not wish to be held responsible for shedding French and American blood in the interests of the Germans."

Darlan continued to pace the floor. He insisted he could act only if Pétain ordered him to do so.

"Well," Murphy said, "what are you going to do about it? Our forces are now landing. If Marshal Pétain knew what was going on, you know he would instruct you to offer no resistance."

Darlan decided to send the Marshal a radio message asking for instructions. Of course, he never received any reply. Meanwhile, Murphy continued to argue with him.

"We talked on through the night," Murphy told the writer. "Darlan was trying to find a way out. Finally he decided he could accept an armistice.

He did so later in the morning after ascertaining the strength of our landing."

The American military authorities officially estimated that Darlan's cease fire order to the French forces saved between 16,000 and 18,000 United States casualties.

Murphy has been bitterly attacked for making a "deal" with Darlan. It has been charged that certain promises were made to the Admiral; that we agreed to keep him in power in return for his aid to us. The fact is that neither Murphy nor anyone else ever promised Darlan his life, his position or anything else.

Darlan signed an armistice agreement presented to him by the American high command. That agreement has never been made public. It can now be revealed, however, that it gave General Eisenhower absolute control of all French African territories. In its all-embracing terms, it was as complete as the unconditional surrender imposed on a defeated and conquered nation. In signing it, Darlan said he felt he was justified in doing so because the Nazis had used the Allied landing in North Africa as an excuse to occupy all of France, thus violating the Franco-German armistice agreement. He also said he now wanted to do everything in his power to help the Allies defeat Germany. He used his authority to see that the terms of the agreement made with the American high command were carried out. That meant turning over to the

Allies all communications, supplies, port facilities and everything else they asked for. Darlan also authorized Pierre Boisson, governor-general of French West Africa, to turn over to the United States Navy the great naval base at Dakar. In return, we did not assure Darlan even the protection that might have saved him from assassination at the hands of a youthful fanatic a short time later.

III

We let Darlan carry on as head of French affairs in North Africa while he lived because we found that the French obeyed his orders, and we were not sure anyone else we put in command would be able to exercise such authority. When the American Government was being assailed for letting Darlan remain in command, the Admiral on several occasions voluntarily told Murphy that if he was proving a political obstacle he was prepared to relinquish his post.

Darlan later said he needed a good administrator to handle civil affairs in French North Africa. He asked if he could have Marcel Peyrouton, then French ambassador to the Argentine. As a former Vichy official, Peyrouton had acted ruthlessly to crush the resistance movement in France. He was hated by Free Frenchmen. Nevertheless, he had served previously as an administrator in French North Africa and was noted for his efficiency there. General Eisenhower and General Giraud approved Darlan's request.

The State Department tried to block the request, twice held it up, but finally it went through at the insistence of the War Department.

"At that time," Murphy said, "the Allied military authorities were prepared to deal with Jesus Christ, Mephistopheles, or anyone else who would help us drive the Axis out of North Africa with the least possible cost in American and British lives."

Murphy acted in this affair chiefly as a diplomatic messenger boy, yet he was assailed as though he alone were responsible for the selection of Peyrouton.

The most bitter criticism of the American Government, and especially of Murphy, for accepting the co-operation of Darlan, originated in General Charles de Gaulle's own Free French circles. The United States Government was accused, in effect, of stabbing Free Frenchmen in the back by making this "deal" with a leading Vichy collaborationist, against General De Gaulle's will.

At the very time that this campaign of abuse against the American Government was reaching its height of intensity, De Gaulle was telling Murphy in Casablanca that he thoroughly approved of the arrangement we made with Darlan. The only criticism he had was that we did not kick Darlan out quickly enough after we had made use of him.

Attacks were made against the American Government in connection

with the North African political situation because of alleged failure to offer the leadership of French affairs there to General de Gaulle in the early stages of our occupation. Murphy was a special target of this attack, which stemmed from the Free French as well as from General de Gaulle's supporters in this country.

The facts of the situation indicate how unjustified these criticisms were.

In January 1943, two months after the Allied landing in French North Africa, Murphy held a conference with General de Gaulle in Casablanca. The French general had come there at the American diplomat's invitation. At that time, on behalf of the Allied high command, Murphy extended to De Gaulle an invitation to take over the leadership of French affairs in North Africa and rally the colonial empire to the side of the Allies in the war.

General de Gaulle declined the offer. He said he did not think the time had arrived for him to undertake that task; that he did not have a sufficient following in French North Africa. He estimated he would be able to command at the time the support of only about 10 per cent of the population. He preferred to wait until he was sure of greater support.

When spokesmen for the State Department later referred to this 10 per cent estimate, they were ridiculed by De Gaulle's followers in this country who charged it was a deliberate underestimate of the General's strength. Despite the public beating it was tak-

ing at the time, the State Department refrained from disclosing that De Gaulle himself had made that estimate. The American Government did not want to embarrass the General nor weaken his prestige.

IV

In the Italian situation, Murphy was a member of the Allied Mediterranean Commission which was composed of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, Soviet Russia and the French Committee of National Liberation. This Commission failed to function effectively. It was supposed to act in an advisory capacity on all political problems concerning Italy. Soviet Russia, however, completely ignored it when it recognized the government of Marshal Badoglio. The British likewise were not disposed to have the Commission settle Italy's future fate too soon. Britain was unwilling to see the Italian nation recover more quickly from the war than the European nations which had fought with, rather than against, the Allies. The British further wanted to be sure that Italy remained within John Bull's sphere of influence and they feared that too much political freedom might give the Communists an opportunity to gain the upper hand in Italy. And finally military directives opposed complete freedom of political action in Italy while military operations were still under way. Thus Murphy alone cannot be held responsible for the Allied fail-

ure to purge all Fascist underlings in Italy and establish democracy there immediately.

In the light of these facts, the impartial historian of the future, I think, will be inclined to regard Robert

Murphy somewhat more as a conscientious and efficient representative of the American Government and of the American people than as the reactionary devil incarnate that his critics have pictured him.



Behind the News: III

IT is claimed that Pancho Villa, the Mexican revolutionist, once arranged a battle so the sun wouldn't be shining into the lenses of the newsreel cameramen accompanying him. This may be apocryphal, but it is possibly true considering other stories about him told by reliable observers.

Edwin C. Hill recorded how John Reed, when a correspondent for the *New York World*, wrote some *cantina* hearsay into a story of a big battle won by Villa. Correspondents of press associations, queried angrily by editors riled by Reed's scoop, responded with denials. Whereupon, Reed's editor likewise did some querying. Reed saw his job glimmering. But, inspired by *tequila* or some innate knowledge of professional revolutionists, he risked his neck to get through the lines of the belligerent armies, found Villa and explained his dilemma.

Villa expressed sympathy and became intrigued with Reed's description of the battle that didn't happen. He agreed that the tactics were sound; that such a battle *could* have taken place; that it was still within the bounds of possibility. "Señor," he said, "we can carry through this action; but it must be done immediately, to make your article convincing." So, excusing himself, he summoned his followers from their bivouac and led them through a skirmish with Carranza government forces according to specifications.

Reed's job was saved, he received congratulations on his two-day "beat", and he went on to other journalistic feats — such as writing the report of the Red Revolution, entitled *Ten Days That Shook the World*, to which Lenin gave his imprimatur.

— CLARK KINNARD

TOSCANINI

By ARTHUR BRONSON

POPULAR interest in that *prima donna* of the concert world, the symphony conductor, has never been keener than it is today. Articles and pictures of podium personalities fill the newspapers and magazines. Their opinions and comments on extra-musical matters dot the Sunday supplements and even occasionally make front-page news. Rumors of Serge Koussevitzky's retirement from the Boston Symphony Orchestra created enough excitement to warrant official denials to the press. The OWI flew the Philadelphia Orchestra's Eugene Ormandy to Australia last summer for a series of guest engagements purely for the morale value of the stunt.

Even in the opera house the spotlight is shifting, and the virtuoso conductor is beginning to encroach on the fame of the spoiled darlings of the singing stage. Last season the Metropolitan Opera Association felt it necessary to bolster a rather humdrum roster of singers by laying stress on the first-rate conductors it had hired, including Bruno Walter, Sir Thomas Beecham and George Szell.

Names of conductors are being used today as the names of famous opera singers have been for generations past. We hear of Stokowski's Bach, Koussevitzky's Brahms and Ormandy's Strauss as we once heard of Fremstad's Brünnhilde, Melba's Juliet, Scotti's Scarpia, or, more currently, Traubel's Isolde. But one name stands out like a mountain peak, exciting reverence among audiences, players and fellow-conductors alike. That name is Arturo Toscanini.

The wiry, little, seventy-seven-year-old Italian holds a place unique, definitive, and secure among the conductors of our time. His encyclopedic musicianship, his uncanny memory, and his electric and unerring technique have made him famous. His unwavering artistic integrity and the furious enthusiasm with which he places his superb gifts of leadership at the service of great music have made him great.

But some of the factors underlying the quality of his genius may be unfamiliar enough to warrant examination. For Toscanini is not only a greater conductor than his competi-

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tors, but he is also greater in a different way — in an idiom all his own, apparent in his supreme sense of form, the clairvoyance with which he seeks out the melos of great scores, the drama and drive of his readings, and his imperious insistence on perfection from his players.

Primarily Toscanini is different because he is a classicist in a field of romantic traditions. He is the first great conductor in the history of music who is an Italian. The tradition of virtuoso conductors that started with Mendelssohn and Spohr and followed through with Hans Richter, Hans von Bülow, Artur Nikisch (Stokowski's model), and Karl Muck (model for a dozen others), was predominantly German or central European. What this school of nineteenth century musicians thought of Italian music is illustrated by von Bülow's *bon mot*: "Italy was the cradle of music and has become its grave." Into this German romantic tradition with its emphasis on emotional exploitation, persisting even in our time, came Toscanini about fifty years ago, bringing into a superheated atmosphere a fresh breath of classicism from the Italian opera house.

Essentially Latin in his genius, Toscanini was born and raised in Italian opera. It was in that field that he made his first success. This tradition, extending over 300 years from Monteverdi to Puccini — with its sense of melody (the song which is the heart of all music), its sense of de-

tached poetic drama, its devotion to the niceties of pattern, and, above all, its clarity and æsthetic logic — is bred in Toscanini's brain and bone. It colors his approach to all music.

This classical leavening is immediately apparent in the maestro's readings. But there are likewise lighter straws that show how the wind blows towards Italy. In the midst of programs of far richer and more complex music, Toscanini will introduce a tinkling little Rossini overture, a comparatively unknown piece which he directs, as a labor of love, superbly. The maestro's attitude toward modern music, too, reflects his birthright. Though tolerant enough about modernism conversationally, Toscanini favors such "moderns" as Respighi and Malipiero, contemporary Italians who have written to a great extent in the style of the last century.

Not until recently would Toscanini play the symphonies of that arch-romanticist, Tchaikovsky. When finally tempted by the luscious dolor of its melodies he did program Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*, his performance drew such comments as: "a superb performance . . . but one more illustration of how impossible it is for an Italian to believe there is cause for despair as long as melody is in the air."

Toscanini's tantrums at rehearsals have become a byword. Musical blundering or inadequacy causes him physical pain. He resents anything short of perfection as a personal insult. Orchestra players who regard an

opportunity to play under the maestro as a rare privilege and part of their post-graduate musical training, expect periodic explosions and have come to regard them as they might a thunderstorm — something to be accepted in the course of nature and valued for the ultimate benefits it brings, including the sunlight of the maestro's smile when all goes well.

II

Opera directorates who have dealt with Toscanini have not, however, always been able to be quite so philosophical about it. Years ago, at La Scala in Milan, Toscanini rehearsed a production of *Norma* for months. The date of performance had been announced. But when the dress rehearsal came, the maestro was still dissatisfied and, despite the time and money invested, insisted that the whole production be called off. In 1908, after ten magnificent years, Toscanini resigned from La Scala because the directors, with an eye on the box office, could not share his enthusiasm for perfection at all costs.

The same thing happened in New York in 1915 after seven years at the Metropolitan, during which Toscanini made it the greatest opera house in the world. Perhaps because he lives magnificently set apart in a musical world of his own, the adulation and reverence lavished on Toscanini have never made him smug. Beneath his volcanic exterior Toscanini's nervous system is ballasted by a sturdy in-

heritance from a line of simple but intelligent north Italian folk. And the maestro, for all his irascibility in action, has a safety valve in a sense of humor, rather unsubtle at times, but hearty and direct.

A family man who takes pleasure in a shifting domestic circle that always includes his wife and may include his grown children and the grandchildren on whom he dotes, Toscanini can be gay at little parties of his friends and, especially if there is a pretty girl or two about, something of a comedian. At one such party not long ago, the maestro and his friends were listening to the broadcast of a Brahms symphony by another famous conductor who was taking his usual liberties with the score, particularly with its tempi. Suddenly Toscanini rushed to the radio, and getting down on his knees before it with hands clasped in mock prayer, cried, "No, no, Stokowski! No, no!"

In recent years Toscanini's devotion to the principles of democracy has received adequate attention in the press. A man of democratic ideals in his life and thinking, he has been accused of inconsistency because of his autocratic bearing on the podium. But the two are facets of the same quality. Toscanini is a tyrant on the podium because he wants the composer's integrity respected. He is merely defending music against an infringement of its spirit, with the same fierceness and personal *brio* with which he defends a liberal cause.

He has never wanted for courage

and has always been a gallant fighter against tyranny of any kind. As long ago as 1903, when he felt that a patriotic hymn had no place on a peacetime symphonic program, he risked official wrath by refusing to play the Garibaldi hymn at a concert in Rome, even though his father had been one of Garibaldi's Thousand. During the first World War, Toscanini led Italian military bands at front-line camps in morale-building concerts. At Monte Santo in 1917, when the Italians attacked the Austrians, Toscanini continued to direct one concert from an exposed point while bullets whizzed about him. An appreciative government decorated him with a silver medal for valor.

Yet another sort of courage was needed when Toscanini conducted a soldiers' benefit concert in Rome, and included the Funeral March from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* in his program. Germany was still at war with Italy, and the volatile Italian audience could not take it. "Are you celebrating our deaths or the Germans'?" shouted someone. "I am playing great music," Toscanini shouted back just as angrily, "but I play no more for such mules." Disgustedly tossing his baton away, he left the hall.

His passionate love of liberty made Toscanini an early foe of the Fascist Party. In 1922 he denounced Mussolini for the latter's march on Rome. Remaining in his native Italy, Toscanini consistently refused to play the *Giovinezza*, the Fascist hymn, at his

concerts despite continued official pressure. When he took the New York Philharmonic Symphony to Italy in 1930 he still refused to play the hymn as protocol demanded, even when royalty or party leaders were present. The Bologna incident in 1931, when young hoodlums beat up the sixty-four-year-old conductor on his refusal to play the *Giovinezza*, finished Toscanini's conducting in Italy. The concert was a memorial to the composer Martucci, with only the latter's music on the program. The *Giovinezza* did not belong, said Toscanini. It wasn't music anyway. Twinges in his conducting arm remind him of the beating to this day.

Toscanini has gone his way, making great music and defending his political convictions. In 1933 he was a signatory with other musicians in a plea to Hitler to stop persecuting musicians for their blood or faith. That year Toscanini quit the Bayreuth festival because of the Nazis. In 1938 he gave up his work at Salzburg when the Germans took Austria. In 1936 Toscanini traveled to Jerusalem to conduct the Palestine Symphony Orchestra which Bronislaw Hubermann had created from among German-Jewish refugee musicians. Not only did Toscanini refuse a fee; he even turned back all travel expenses.

His heart has always been on the side of liberty. In the present conflict he has given his services freely for war bond concerts and soldier and hospital benefits. Hollywood could not tempt Toscanini with a \$250,000

offer to appear in a film, but he gave his services free to the government for a propaganda film based on Verdi's *Hymn of the Nations* which the OWI will distribute abroad.

Apart from music, Toscanini lives now for one thing — the pleasure of seeing tyranny defeated throughout the world and his beloved Italy finally cleared of the last traces of Nazi thralldom. Last autumn the

maestro celebrated Mussolini's downfall with a symphonic broadcast which he called *Victory, Act I*. He expects to lead Acts II and III when the Nazis and Japanese succumb, and prays that it will be soon.

Those concerts, when they come, will be a fitting climax to a long and distinguished career devoted with a crusader's zeal to great music and great causes.



The Good Old Days

(From *The Lady's Guide to Complete Etiquette*, circa 1890)

¶ When tripping over the pavement, a lady should gracefully raise her dress a little above her ankle. With the right hand, she should hold together the folds of her gown, and draw them towards the right side. To raise the dress on both sides, and with both hands, is vulgar. This ungraceful practice can be tolerated only for a moment, when the mud is very deep.

¶ An unmarried or young lady should never leave a party, even to go into an adjoining room, without either her mother or a married lady to accompany her.

¶ Do not be tempted to indulge in another proof of feminine indecorum, which may be countenanced, but can never be sanctioned by example; that of addressing young gentlemen of your acquaintance, who are unconnected with you, by their Christian names. It opens the way to unpleasant familiarities on their part.

¶ It is not in good taste for a lady to say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," to a gentleman, unless she desires to be exceedingly reserved toward the person with whom she is conversing.

¶ Do not sing songs descriptive of masculine passion or sentiment; there is an abundance of superior songs for both sexes.

¶ A lady should not say "my husband," except among intimates; in every other case she should address him by his name, calling him "Mr."

¶ The stockings should be changed twice a week in winter and three times in summer. There will be no more danger of taking cold after the practice is well commenced, than from washing the face and hands.

¶ Every woman whose heart and mind have been properly regulated, is capable of exerting a most salutary influence over the gentlemen with whom she associates; and this fact has been acknowledged by the best and wisest of men, and seldom disputed, except by those whose capacities for observation have been perverted by adverse circumstances.

THE EDITORIAL CARTOON

BY ROLLIN KIRBY

THAT pictorial editorial known as the political cartoon has been a long-established device for the sudden exposition of an idea — a thing of but one point of view with no qualification whatever. Be it well conceived and well drawn or just middling or downright bad, it has become a part of the editorial opinion of the daily press and magazines. In any case, it follows the policies of whatever paper employs the cartoonist.

As far as I know, there is only one cartoonist who enjoys complete freedom from editorial dictation, and that happy man is David Low of the London *Evening Standard*. Despite the fact that he occasionally pokes fun at his employer, Lord Beaverbrook, Low is given *carte blanche* and, if any one can hit a head where he sees it with a pen and inflict grievous wounds, here's your man. Unlike most cartoonists, he is also an excellent caricaturist so that his cartoons carry an added sting because there is an indictment in the very faces of his victims. Look at his portraits of Laval — really, Low, no one can have sunk so far down in the

human scale as that! A simian sub-human, but still Laval.

Low works for the most part on the wide canvas of the European scene in wartime. Still, locally, there is his ineffable Colonel Blimp, that naked, betoweled, walrus-mustached old Tory with his eternal, "Gad, Sir!" to needle the smug enemies of change and progress. I consider Low to be the best and most influential cartoonist now working for the daily press.

Just what makes a successful cartoon? By that I mean what are the elements that cause special ones to stand out and be remembered? I haven't the slightest idea. Let us take, for instance, one of the most famous ones, John Tenniel's *Dropping the Pilot*. Here old Bismarck goes down the ship's ladder toward the waiting dinghy as the young Emperor William II hangs over the rail and gazes down at the departing pilot. There is nothing especially dramatic in the picture. In fact, it is rather static. Hundreds of other cartoons have treated like subjects in much the same manner;

ROLLIN KIRBY is rated by his fellow artists as one of the greatest editorial cartoonists the United States has produced. His *Prohibitionist*, created when he was editorial cartoonist of the New York World, has become one of the best known cartoon symbols. Three times he was awarded Pulitzer Prizes for the best cartoons of the year.

yet this one caught the world's fancy and it lives on as a great historical example. The occasion that gave it birth was, of course, a great one, greater by far than anything the *Punch* editorial staff that ordered it could possibly have anticipated. I say "ordered it" for it is a matter of record that in the fifty years Tenniel served *Punch* he never furnished a single idea for a cartoon.

Then there was Homer Davenport's *He's Good Enough For Me*, wherein a badly drawn Uncle Sam lays a mummy's hand on T.R.'s shoulder. Here is a cartoon without distinction

either in execution or idea. And again the country acclaims it and it is remembered. In a discussion of this particular cartoon with a friend, he suggested that its longevity was accounted for by the fact that its caption gave a political slogan to a campaign. That may well be the correct reason.

In the case of Thomas Nast's work, the situation was somewhat different. He came upon the scene at a time of great political corruption and he was fortunate enough to have an employer who stood by him through thick and thin, and believe me, it was



"That's Not France"

By DAVID LOW

Originally published in the London *Evening Standard*, July 14, 1940. Copyright, by Low in all countries. See Mr. Kirby's comment



TENNIEL'S *Dropping the Pilot*

From *Punch*, London, March 1890. See Mr. Kirby's comment.



"He's Good Enough for Me"

Drawn by Homer Davenport. From the *New York Evening Mail*, 1904.

pretty thick at times. He also had the advantage of what amounted to no competition. That alone, however, does not account for the impact he made upon his time. He was not a good artist but he was a great cartoonist. His inventions of the Tammany tiger, the GOP elephant and the Democratic donkey have helped to keep his fame alive long after the records of the gallant fights he made

have sunk into the dusty archives of our national history.

It was his battle against the Tweed ring that placed Nast in the cartoon hall of fame. Here, for the first time, a great criminal and his gang were brought to justice largely through the efforts of a cartoonist. Here was an earlier Zola crying, *J'accuse!* And so we who, by conviction, follow the crusading line look upon his work as

the most important in the history of American cartooning.

I do not mean to suggest that in other times the cartoonists have not done yeoman service in times of corruption in our national history, but merely to point out that Nast's contribution stands quite alone in individual accomplishment. Another example of the deadly effect of a cartoon was Joseph Keppler's depiction of James G. Blaine as *The Tattooed Man* which, together with the Rev. Samuel D. Burchard's bombshell phrase, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," had such a disastrous effect upon the political fortunes of Mr. Blaine.

As in other routine jobs, the car-

toonist who produces a daily feature must, of necessity, come upon days when invention lags, when the day's news offers little in the way of ideas, and when the exigencies of the paper's policy run counter to his own convictions or, worse than all, when he is called upon to cartoon something he does not understand — some complicated economic problem such as a tax program, or what to do with Germany after the war, or a foreign policy whose real meaning is buried in the silence of the State Department, or a Federal housing program. These are subjects for specialists, and the cartoonist whose whole training has been in other fields finds himself, if he is a



Nast's *The Tammany Tiger Let Loose* — "What Are We Going to Do About It?"

From *Harper's Weekly*, circa 1870. See Mr. Kirby's comment on page 543.

person of integrity, biting his nails in frustration.

To be a first-rate cartoonist he should be a sound economist, historian, statesman and artist — in fact, quite a fellow. Is it any wonder, then, that we of the guild do not make a better showing? All this is not to say, however, that as a class we are a group of journalistic hacks. Every once in a while, on the law of averages, we hit upon (mostly without knowing it) a day when eye and hand and idea come together in happy combination and the result is gratifying.

How much cartoons influence public opinion is a moot point, for there is no Gallup poll on this question to send its ubiquitous inquirers abroad with notebooks and pencils. Too many persons generally read only such papers as exploit their own opinions, so that whatever the cartoonist may say usually fits into and fortifies their own convictions and prejudices. As such, they can have no great influence, for they simply confirm opinions already formed. It would be an interesting experiment for, say, a right-wing paper to print a left-wing cartoon occasionally, or vice versa, in an unheard-of effort to present both sides of the question. Newspapers are doing this with columnists, with the papers assuming no responsibility for the columnists' opinions.

Although I have mentioned it before on several occasions, it seems worth reiterating that the cartoon of approbation is rarely successful. It may be due to the innate cussedness of

the human animal that if he is told a man was or is good it arouses no great enthusiasm. If a really bad character is held up to him in scorn and derision, the response is immediate, probably not so much because he is moral as because his own opinion has been confirmed. So it comes down to the fact that the most effective cartoon is one of attack.

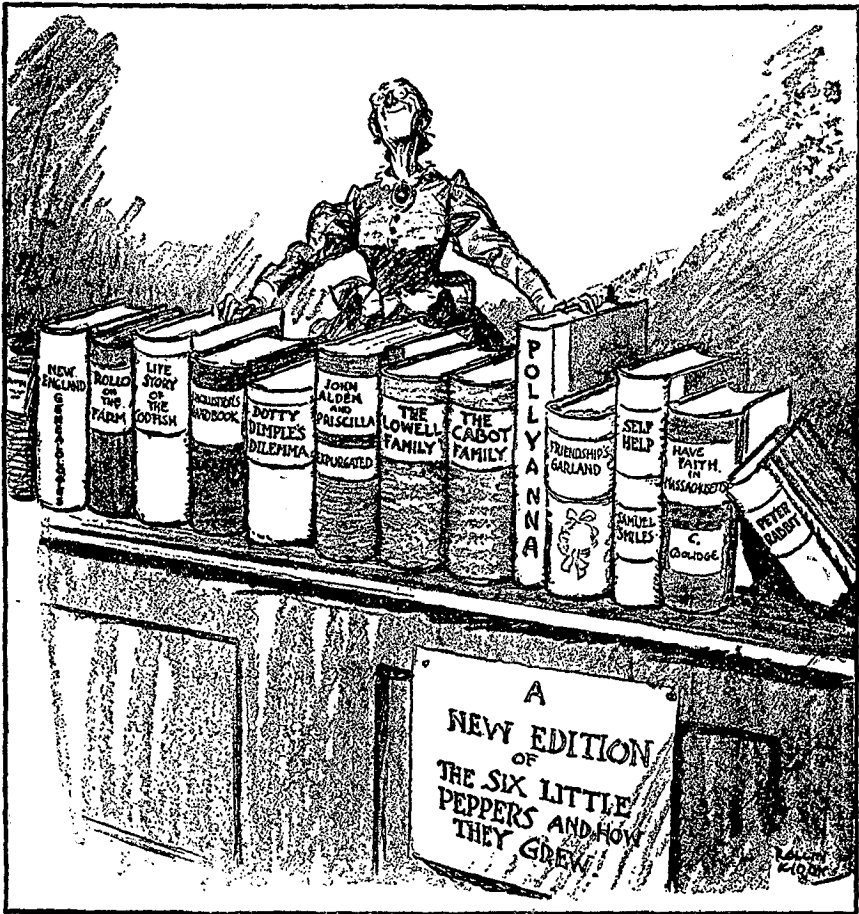
As did the last war, this one furnishes the cartoonist with a never-ending supply of subjects, and even on dull days Hitler and Goering and Goebbels cringe under a shower of Allied bombs or are relentlessly driven before the advancing Allies. Adolf races in front with eyes full of terror; Hermann pounds along shedding medals, his fatness exuding cartoon perspiration, while little Joe fetches up in the rear with his melon-shaped head and clubfoot. This sort of picture can never change anyone's opinion and must be regarded as a filler. I have made quite a few of these in my time myself, so I speak without criticism of my fellowworkers in the Fourth Estate vineyard.

During World War I, Louis Raemaekers, the Dutch cartoonist, became world-known as a depicter of German atrocities. In a great many of his cartoons he used the religious motif — Christ appeared time and time again, a Christ rebuking the oppressors or a Christ crucified. He has used the same symbolism more recently, but almost no other cartoonist has followed his example. Does the almost complete absence of this sort of symbolism in

the present war indicate a lessening of religious feeling, or is it that there is no other editorial cartoonist today who has Raemaekers' piety? It is an interesting question.

It must be said, I fear, that the

daily political cartoon has become just one of the filler features in a newspaper. Readers are accustomed to the makeup of their favorite paper, the comic strips, the columnists and the editorial cartoon. These become a



Boston

BY ROLLIN KIRBY

Originally published in the *New York World*, 1929. From *Highlights, A Cartoon History of the Nineteen Twenties*. Copyright, 1931, William Farquhar Payson.

habit, something to be glanced through with no show of enthusiasm, yet something that would be sorely missed, like a familiar face.

Given the chance by the publisher, the opportunity is ever there for the effective editorial cartoon. There is the spread of white paper, there is the ink and there is the crayon. Only we ourselves, the artists, are the necessary ingredient needed to produce the thing that will catch the world's mind and heart. I still think we have a high entertainment and critical value.

In extenuation of our shortcomings,



Raemaekers' "*Mein Kampf*"

Copyright reserved by Mr. Raemaekers; used by permission of the artist. See Mr. Kirby's comment on pages 545-6.

I wish to point out that we work with fewer tools than the writer. The range of our medium is more restricted and we are forced to fall back upon symbols, hoary with age and worn by repetition, to tell our little stories. Uncle Sam, John Bull, the British lion, Mars, Peace, the American eagle, Britannia, the Nast menagerie of animals, Marianne and an occasional interloper like Prohibition go onto our production line, not through choice, but rather because the public has come to know these characters who need no label.

Some of these symbols almost never come off. Our old friend Mars is a conspicuous example of complete frustration on the part of the cartoonist. A sort of Dawn-man, hairy and be-whiskered, dressed in the costume of an ancient Greek or Roman warrior, who really belongs in a comic strip, seems to be the best the cartoonist can evolve in his presentation of the brutality and devastation of war. During World War I, Boardman Robinson drew for the New York *Tribune* an occasional figure of this monster that came near to the embodiment of what it should represent. But Robinson was a very fine artist and a man of imagination.

Lest the foregoing seems to stress too much the ineffectualness of the cartoonist as an influence upon his time, I think it can be said with truth that if there has been a decline it has pretty much followed the same downward trend of the written editorial in our daily press.

HOW TO CIVILIZE GERMANY

BY EMERY REVES

IN HIS first radio announcement to Germany on September 18, 1944, General Eisenhower, in proclaiming the Allied Military Government in Germany, declared that the AMG will "begin the task of destroying National Socialism. It will remove from responsible positions all members of the Nazi Party and of the SS and others who have played a leading part in the National Socialist régime." We can be certain that this is more than an announcement made for military reasons by the Allied Supreme Commander; it is a declaration of policy established by the Allied governments. It is my sincere conviction that this policy towards defeated Germany is based on a fundamental political and psychological error which will aggravate rather than solve the German problem.

The capitulation of Germany is now a question of weeks or, at most, months, and the closer we come to this event, the more passionate will

become the controversy about what to do with Germany. The proposals which have been under public discussion can be divided into two groups: the "soft peace" and the "harsh peace" plans. On both sides, most of the arguments are, I believe, unrealistic, and it is virtually certain that none of them will be followed. This violent clash of opinions may well lead, as in 1919, to a compromise which, as we have learned from experience, is the worst solution of all.

Perhaps it is not yet too late to draw public attention to the fact that this strong division of views exists because our aims are not defined and the fundamental issues involved are utterly confused. What are the main arguments on the two sides?

The advocates of a harsh peace point out that in the last eighty years Germany has staged five aggressive wars, that these aggressions are manifestations of certain warlike characteristics inherent in the Germanic race,

EMERY REVES is the author of *A Democratic Manifesto*, published in 1942, and more recently of a series of discussions in the *New York Times*, which have been widely commented upon. In 1930 he founded the *Co-operation Press Service*, which had among its authors such men as Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden, Paul Reynaud, Count Sforza, and others. He writes on European affairs as one who has been in contact with many of the leading statesmen of the last twenty years. The opinions in this article are his own and do not necessarily reflect those of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

II

that Germany's behavior today under Hitler is the same as it was under Kaiser Wilhelm II, Bismarck, Frederick the Great and, indeed, under any other leader the Germans ever had, back to the Teutonic knights, at the dawn of European history. They say that Nazism is nothing but the most recent expression of German militarism, that no distinction can be made between the Nazis and the German people, and that the only way to prevent another German aggression is to exterminate as many million Germans as possible, to cut Germany into three or four pieces, to demolish German heavy industry, to occupy the whole of Germany for an indefinite time — for at least two or three generations — and not to evacuate the country, even after fifty or sixty years, unless we are certain that the militaristic Germans have changed into peaceful saints and the entire German population has been re-educated.

The advocates of the soft peace argue that this war was made not by the German people but by the Nazis, that we must clearly distinguish between the criminal Nazis and the peace-loving German *bürgers* and workers who, in fact, were the first victims of Nazism. They say that we must punish individually guilty Nazis but not the innocent German people, and that after destroying the Nazi régime we should give the German people a chance to build up a peaceful and democratic German state which they could not do if we imposed upon them a harsh peace.

Both lines of thought are full of fallacies. To the champions of the harsh peace, it can be said that there is no such thing as a nationally-inherent characteristic, that nations *do* change their character and behavior. Although during the last century Germany has unquestionably been the most dangerous and incurable aggressor nation, it is also an undeniable truth that before her France was a feared warrior nation; before France, England; before England, Spain; before Spain, Sweden, and so on back to the Macedonians and the Persians. There is no reason to believe that Germany is the *last* of the aggressor nations. Rather it is probable that while we are busy concentrating on the German problem another nation will develop into an aggressor.

It is also wholly unrealistic to believe that measures taken today against a nation can be maintained for generations without modification. We have seen how rapidly the atmosphere changed after the last war. It will change again after this war. The German problem is not the only problem of our world. Once Germany is defeated, other problems will certainly arise to overshadow in importance the German question. A few years after 1919, we saw the enemies of Germany in the first World War — England, Italy, Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania — driven by national economic interests into dealing with Germany. And this soon broke down the Allied

unity forged by the war. This will undoubtedly be repeated. It is wholly unreasonable to believe that in five or ten years the national interests of the United States, Britain, the Soviet Union, France and other countries will be the same as they are today in relation to Germany.

As to wholesale "re-education" of a people under foreign occupation, by teaching in schools and universities, this proposal is so contrary to the findings of mass psychology that it may be dismissed in a sentence and relegated to the domain of dreams.

The champions of a "soft" peace are no less unrealistic. Their basic argument that the German people are innocent and cannot be held responsible for the acts of their military and political leaders is a somewhat anarchistic view. We have simply not yet devised another form of relationship between peoples than through their states, through their governments. It is true that in every nation one can find all kinds of people. The difference between Goethe and Himmler is no greater than that between Shakespeare and Jack the Ripper, between Jefferson and Dillinger. No one denies that there are a great many decent, peace-loving Germans. It may even be argued that the average German is not only good but far too good and far too peace-loving — much better and much more peace-loving than the average Englishman or the average American. Otherwise, he never would have tolerated the actions of Bismarck, Wilhelm II and Hitler with-

out revolting. Perhaps the correct psychological approach to the Teutonic riddle is to make German individuals *less* good and *less* peace-loving than they are and to teach them how to revolt and how to fight their oppressors.

So, even assuming that there are good Germans and many of them, the argument of the "soft" peace advocates does not carry weight because we are not interested in the individual feelings and attitudes of sixty million individuals. We are interested in the actions of the German state which, even if we admit that it was composed of sixty million innocent people, has waged a series of intolerable aggressive wars. To say that the German government and the German state are responsible for this war, but that the poor German people who merely carry out the orders of their government are not responsible, makes as much sense from a political point of view as to argue that the punishment of a criminal is unjustified because his hands are innocent — they only carried out the orders they received from the nerve center.

III

We shall have to revise our entire conception of world order, establish a single world-state and direct relationships of individuals to the world-state before we can deal with peoples on an individual basis. But so long as we maintain the nation-state structure of the world, so long as we recognize the

existence of seventy or eighty sovereign nations, states or governments, there is no other way to regulate the relationship between peoples than through the states as units.

It does seem to me, however, that all these opposing arguments can be reconciled and a just and effective policy toward Germany agreed upon, if the following three fundamental principles be accepted:

1. The first and most important step is to defeat the German armies and bring that defeat home to the German people. To achieve this, we must wage war deeply inside Germany and demonstrate to the German people what war is really like. Although Germany is the most militaristic of all nations and has waged more wars during the last century than any other nation, the German people do not know what war is because never since Napoleon has war been waged deeply within German boundaries. It is a dangerous illusion to believe that the bombing of German military targets is a sufficient demonstration. Only concentrated artillery fire, flame throwers and rolling tanks convey the horrors of modern warfare to a people.

It would be an unpardonable mistake for us to accept German capitulation — even unconditional surrender — while German armies are still on foreign soil. Should the German high command repeat the trick of 1918 and ask for an armistice as soon as the situation becomes hopeless for it, but before the ravages of war

reach every citizen of Germany, the Allied military high command must have the courage to say no. We should answer any such request for an armistice in a language the German people will never forget.

We should ask the generals of the German army why they ask for an armistice while their armies still occupy foreign soil? We should ask them why the German army is so heroic when, without provocation, it attacks innocent peoples and tramples over the weak, and why it immediately falls upon its knees when it feels the first blows from a superior power? We should tell the generals openly that the time has not yet come for an armistice, that we are not interested in having their signatures on a piece of paper which their successors will repudiate at their convenience. We should tell them we are not interested in occupying Germany but in waging war in Germany, in conquering the German Reich and in defeating the German armies in battle and on German soil. This war was prepared, willed and started only and exclusively by Germany. Its end will be decided only and exclusively by the United Nations.

Such an attitude might prolong the war by a few days, weeks or even months, but it is certain that it would insure a longer period of peace. Only if war is actually waged deeply inside Germany and if the German army is defeated at home before the eyes of the German people can we hope that no other "stab-in-the-back" legend

will arise again and that the dogma of German militarism will be destroyed in the minds of the German people.

Naturally, this does not mean that we should shoot down German civilians who do not defend themselves. But it does mean that we should attempt to force the German armies to defend their country or to lay down arms without an armistice. The *Reichswehr* should be faced with the alternative of appearing in the eyes of its people and before German history either as (a) having been militarily defeated at home or (b) having deserted the defense of the *Vaterland*. From a psychological point of view, it is essential that we should enter and occupy the whole of Germany while a state of war exists, before an armistice, not after. We should accept armistice only in Berlin, after having militarily defeated and conquered the Reich.

2. The second task must be to mete out just retribution and punishment for the crimes committed by the German Reich in the past years. There is one policy, both just and effective, to achieve this aim: Let the German people realize what they did to other peoples and let them endure the same humiliation and tortures they imposed on the peoples they conquered. Let them live under their own rule. Not merely for the sake of punishment or vengeance, but for the sake of their education — in order to solve the German problem once and for all.

Germans have a strange inclination

toward all that is metaphysical and symbolic. German literature is unique in its symbolism. Germans would therefore understand the causes of their own sufferings much better if they realized that every single one of the thousands of measures we shall have to apply in occupied Germany is nothing but the mirror-image of a measure invented by them and already applied by them to others. We should condemn Germany to a period of total punishment equal to the number of years and days between September 1, 1939, and the day of their capitulation. During this period we should impose on Germany not one single measure of Allied origin. We should impose on Germany each and every military, administrative and economic measure Germans imposed on Poland, Russia, France, Belgium, Yugoslavia and the other occupied countries. But obviously we should not go to the extent of torturing them and we should not establish Lublin murder factories.

The various governments-in-exile and the underground organizations have complete files of the orders and decrees of the German military and police organizations. Every one of them should be enforced by us in Germany. On every street corner of the cities and in all the village squares we should paste up posters, day after day, posters divided into two parts. On the left side there should be the exact copy of a specific Nazi decree, indicating its date and the country in which it was first enforced. On the

right side of the poster should be the United Nations' decree, the exact copy of the original Nazi ordinance, merely replacing the word "Pole" or "Norwegian" or "Frenchman" with the word "German."

We should not ask for financial reparations because we know that in twenty or thirty years they will no longer be collected. But we should exact, as the Germans did in the countries they occupied, daily payments to cover the expenses of our occupation forces, which should be, as were their demands; three times higher than actual expenses. As they did in the countries they conquered, we should use two-thirds of the money to buy up German stocks, real estate, machinery and other valuables. They should be made to understand that these payments are imposed upon them only because such payments were imposed by Germany upon other nations.

We should put into print and let every single German read the German decrees of forced labor recruiting and apply the same method in Germany so that they should know they must go to rebuild devastated territories in foreign lands, not because the United Nations invented such a cruel method of separating families but because they, the Germans, invented this measure and enforced it upon other people.

We should print on the left side of an order the German decree that every Pole must take off his hat and step down from the pavement when he meets a German soldier, and on the

right side that this is now what the German must do when he meets an Allied soldier.

We should issue to Germans ration cards allocating about half as much food as the other European nations will receive and tell them that they have to endure malnutrition because this is how they treated the other European nations.

Against any resistance to such measures announced by the Allied military command, we should apply in every German city and in every German village the hostage system, making it quite clear that the reason for this injustice is that they, the Germans, invented and carried out this barbarous practice. We should select in advance, and in every German community, a certain number of hostages, former members of the Nazi party, former army officers and Nazi government officials, holding them personally responsible for any violation of our decrees, even if they are personally not connected with any specific act of violation.

It is certain that the United Nations could devise no more severe punishment, no more iron-handed occupation régime than that which the Germans devised when they occupied other countries. Nothing inhumane or uncivilized should originate with us. But we should impose on Germany the most uncivilized and inhumane devices they themselves used when they were the conquerors.

Such punishment of Germany, for a period of about 2,000 days, would

be the strongest retribution and, if properly applied, it would concentrate the hatred of the Germans on their own defeated leaders and not on us. The occupation with all its hardships, I repeat, should be a German régime, not an Allied régime.

Whenever the Allies announce a measure to be imposed on Germany as retribution for their crimes or as prevention of another German aggression, the Goebbels propaganda machine immediately diffuses such news through all its loud-speakers, warning the German people that the Allies are going to destroy and exterminate them, and thus arousing their will to resist and fight. This psychological weapon can be taken away from the German government by declaring as our policy the establishment in Germany after the war of a purely German method of rule, announcing that we have no intention to impose on Germany any measure of Allied origin, but that we shall introduce in Germany every single measure they themselves invented and applied in conquered countries. Such a policy, vigorously brought home to the German masses, could not possibly strengthen their will to resist the Allied armies. It may well induce them to turn their guns on their own officers and leaders.

It appears that the Allies have decided that, after occupation of Germany, we shall "outlaw" the Nazi Party and prohibit displaying the swastika and other Nazi insignia. This

is an absolutely infallible way to drive the Nazis underground, to secure protection of the Nazi underground organization by the overwhelming majority of the German people and to make the swastika a sacred symbol for generations of Germans to worship. Mass psychology works like a jet-propulsion engine. One has to let off steam in the direction opposite to that toward which one wants to move. There is one way alone to destroy the swastika as a respected symbol in Germany and this is for the Allied occupational forces to compel the Germans to wear it. The only way to make the Germans hate the swastika is for the Allied occupational authorities to issue a decree that on certain occasions, certain dates or whenever Germans are traveling outside their home town, they must wear the Nazi armband as a sign of recognition. Such a measure would make the swastika a sign of shame for the Germans and make them long for the moment when we allow them to throw their swastikas into the garbage heap. But if we, the Allies, prohibit wearing and displaying the Nazi emblems, we can be absolutely certain that millions of Germans will hide and cherish them, and their worship will be carried on from generation to generation.

Rigorous application of German methods of conquest in Germany itself means not only just retribution, but it also means the only possible method of re-educating the German people. It is a childish illusion to believe that we can change the charac-

ter of a nation by teaching sound history and sociology in universities or by enforcing the use of school books written by us. The one educational method which can be effective must be more primitive and more emotional in nature. Obviously we cannot and should not apply to the Germans the horrors they inflicted on millions of innocent people. We cannot torture and murder them in gas chambers and death camps. But even these facts — unknown to the German people — must somehow be brought home to them. Perhaps the best method would be to rebuild in the major German cities replicas of these death factories and to make it compulsory for Germans, particularly school children, to visit them with guides capable of giving the necessary explanations. Such institutions, maintained for a number of years, until every single German has visited them, might fill the German people with shame and produce the necessary educational effect.

This is not a tooth-for-a-tooth policy. These measures are suggested here not as a long-term policy but as a short-term punishment, a radical method of mass re-education which should be applied by us without any sense of vengeance, without any hatred or passion but with the cold and scientific detachment of an operating surgeon.

3. The third fundamental principle in doing away once and for all with German militarism and the menace of

German aggression, is not to permit democratic forces and elements to come to power in Germany as long as we intend to impose retributive and curative measures on the country. We must under no condition repeat the mistake of 1918, when the Allied high command refused to deal with Hindenburg and Ludendorff and insisted that the armistice terms be accepted and signed by the democratic representatives of the German people. With that incredibly shortsighted step, we condemned democracy in Germany to death on the very day of its birth and made it easy after a short interlude for the Junkers and generals to spread the lie that the German army was never defeated but was stabbed in the back by the liberals, the socialists and the Jews. This time we must insist that the document of unconditional surrender be signed by Hitler, Goering, Ribbentrop and all the members of the German high command still alive. If some of them flee and escape responsibility, that will be enough to discredit individually such guilty cowards. But we should insist that the maximum number of field marshals and generals acknowledge, with their signatures, military defeat in battle.

Beyond that, we should also establish as a principle of policy that as long as we occupy Germany and impose on her the above measures of punishment and reparation, the Nazis and conservative officials now in power should remain in office as our instruments for carrying out our orders and

instructions. Only thus can we make the German people see clearly where guilt lies and who are responsible for their defeat and sufferings. In case some Nazi and military officials do not want to stay in office and do their duty, let them desert. But let us, the Allies, not *remove* them from office. This can be done effectively only by the German people. If at the very beginning we were to deal with German democratic elements and put them in responsible positions, it is inevitable that every measure we impose on Germany will be identified by the German people with this newly-established democratic régime which would then be regarded as incapable of protecting the interests of its people.

We must not allow a repetition of the tragedy of the Weimar republic. Happily, we did not commit this fatal error in our initial dealings with Italy, and it is most fortunate that the document of surrender bears the signatures of King Victor Emmanuel and Marshal Badoglio. But we carried this vital psychological policy only halfway by allowing, before publication of the armistice terms and before the end of Italy's period of punishment, the formation of the liberal Bonomi government, comprising the most valuable and sincere leaders of Italian democracy. It is to be expected that future publication of the armistice terms and continued suffering and humiliation of the Italian people — the inevitable consequences of Italy's criminal behavior under Mussolini — will completely discredit the

Bonomi government and will again turn the Italian masses toward undemocratic radicalism.

We must explain to the democratic elements in Germany that, in their own interests and in the interest of future German democracy, they should wait until we put an end to militarism and racial megalomania in Germany, and that for carrying out this job, Nazism and Prussian militarism must be indissolubly linked up with defeat and the political and economic consequences of defeat. Only when this step of our operation is completed, when the change in the German attitude becomes manifest, and we begin releasing pressure on Germany and withdrawing our troops from her territory, only then should democratic forces be permitted to emerge and take power. In the eyes of the German people, democracy should be the bearer of a better life, the hope for a better future. It should by no means become the régime associated with defeat and humiliation.

These years of transition could be used to sift carefully trustworthy Germans, sincere democrats, from concentration camps and from the underground, who could form the nucleus of a coming democratic leadership and who could work out a program of reconstruction and organize themselves before they actually get to power.

We must be extremely careful in formulating our policy toward Germany and be fully aware of the unprecedented hatred and blind passions aroused in 300,000,000 Europeans by

the actions of the German state and of the German people. If we do not canalize this rising flood and render justice to these existing emotions, we might well see a period of mob rule and wholesale killing of Germans which our occupation forces will be unable to check.

IV

Of course, these three basic principles of policy and the measures they involve could be applied only for a limited period of five or six years. It is unthinkable that any policy be devised today for a longer period. We have seen how ridiculous it is to plan punishments and reparations for fifty or sixty years. Within five years, the power relationship and interests of nations will change again. We must concentrate on destroying German militarism within five or six years by applying the most radical cure — defeat, punishment and humiliation.

We cannot hope to keep any country disarmed forever. It is easy, as we have seen, for an industrial power to create armaments in a very short time. We can hope to rely on unilateral German disarmament only during the period of punishment and no longer. We must also give up the hope of solving the German problem by cutting Germany into three or four independent states. This is a purely superficial idea which could easily heighten rather than diminish German influence. Seventy or eighty million Germans live in one bloc. This fact cannot

be changed by creating artificial political boundaries between them. In fact, three German states might unite the German people more solidly than Bismarck or Hitler ever did and three German states acting in concert might very well aggravate the European situation. The road to peace is not in creating more and more sovereign states but the opposite, to have as many of them as possible merge.

This should clearly indicate that beyond defeat, punishment and destruction of German military power, the problem of peace is no longer a German problem. It is a dangerous illusion to believe that peace on earth can be assured if we keep Germany and Japan down forever. After the period of retribution, the German problem becomes part of the world problem and peace will depend upon how we organize the relationship among the nations. The solution of this universal problem, which alone can prevent another world war, ought to be ready now so that it can be set in motion during this war. This has not been done. Our leaders have been unwilling or unprepared to tackle the problem before victory. But there is still time. The second and perhaps last chance we have is the short period of five or six years during which we can rely on our military might and the alliances forged by the emergency of war. If we fail to solve this problem within the next five or six years, another major war is inevitable no matter what we plan to do with Germany and Japan.

HARVEST

A Story

BY MARY DEASY

RETTY was sitting upstairs in the back bedroom with Garner on her lap when Sim came in. He had a stubborn expression on his face.

"Mis' Honberger says to come down to supper," he said to Retty.

Retty bounced Garner up and down without looking at Sim.

"I guess I don't want any supper tonight," she said.

Sim sat down on the bed. The expression on his face changed a little because he could not keep on being stubborn himself and at the same time argue Retty out of being stubborn. He was a year and a half older than Retty, and he felt responsible for her and for Garner.

"Mis' Wale brought some pork chops over and Mis' Honberger fried them up nice," he said. "They got a nice supper fixed for us down there. Mis' Honberger fixed some supper for Garner, too."

"Garner's not hungry either," Retty said. "We're going to stay right up here till they go. Maybe if we're hungry then, I'll go down and

cook us all some Cream of Wheat."

Sim sat on the bed, looking at Retty. It was seven o'clock. It was late September but it was still warm outside. The window looking out on the back yard was wide open.

"That's no way to act," Sim said to Retty. "Mis' Honberger and Mis' Wale'll think we haven't got any manners if we stay up here."

"I don't care," said Retty. "Nobody asked them to come. We can cook our own supper."

She had been crying but now she was not crying any more. She bounced Garner up and down so energetically that he said "No! No!" in a loud protesting voice.

"Nobody asked them to come," Retty repeated. "All they're looking for is a chance to rubber. Mis' Honberger's been in every room in this house already."

Sim stirred uneasily.

"You oughtn't to feel that way, Retty," he said.

"That's the way I do feel," Retty said.

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They heard someone calling them from the foot of the stairs.

"That's Mis' Wale," Sim said. He got up. "Come on, Retty," he said. "You've got to come."

They heard Mrs. Wale coming up the stairs. She came into the room. She was a stout white-haired woman with short swollen legs. ~~On~~ her dress she was wearing one of their mother's aprons.

"Here you are," she said. "Mis' Honberger's waitin' supper downstairs."

She tried to pick Garner up, but he said, "No! No!" and put his arms around Retty's neck.

"You don't have to carry Garner," Retty said. "Garner can walk." She set him down on the floor. "Come on, Garner," she said.

She took Garner's hand and began to walk toward the door. Garner had to go downstairs one step at a time, so it took them quite a while to get to the first floor.

MRS. HONBERGER was in the kitchen talking to their father when they came in. She made them all sit down at the table while she took the supper off the stove.

"Are your hands clean, children?" she said to them.

"Yes, Mis' Honberger," answered Sim.

Retty sat at the table and watched Mrs. Honberger bustling around in their mother's kitchen as if it belonged to her. Mrs. Honberger was a tall, rawboned woman who wore her

black hair in flat, regular, beauty shop waves all over her head. She acted as if she were enjoying herself, the way she bustled around the kitchen giving orders to them all.

"Retty, I'll sit next to the baby and help him with his supper," she said.

Retty reached over and tied Garner's napkin about his neck.

"Garner isn't a baby," she said. "He eats good by himself." She gave Garner his spoon. "Go ahead, Garner," she said to him.

Mrs. Honberger sat down at the table on Garner's other side.

"Mis' Wale, will you bring the bread?" she said. She turned to Retty: "I couldn't find a tablecloth, but your father said you usually ate right off the oilcloth, so I didn't bother any more about it."

A hard, flushed look came into Retty's face.

"Tablecloths make an awful lot of washing," she said. "My Mom wasn't well enough to work so hard."

Mrs. Wale put the bread on the table and sat down next to Mrs. Honberger. At the same moment Garner threw his spoon on the table.

"See, the baby's dropped his spoon," Mrs. Honberger said.

She picked it up and dipped up some carrots from Garner's plate and tried to put them into his mouth.

"No! No!" said Garner in a loud, protesting voice.

"Garner didn't drop his spoon," Retty said. "He threw it down. He wants Cream of Wheat. He always has Cream of Wheat for his supper."

"Don't you want your nice carrots, baby?" Mrs. Honberger asked.

"No! No!" said Garner.

"I'll cook you up some Cream of Wheat in a few minutes, Garner," Retty said.

"Little boys who won't eat their carrots oughtn't to have any Cream of Wheat," said Mrs. Wale.

She and Mrs. Honberger looked disapproving.

"I'm sorry," Retty said. Her face was still flushed. "Garner's awful set in his ways."

"He'll have to get over that," Mrs. Honberger said.

The three children sat looking at her silently.

Mrs. Honberger turned her attention to their father.

"Mr. Welling, eat your dinner now," she said to him. "You've got to eat hearty and keep up your strength."

Mr. Welling's long, lank, discouraged face surveyed his plate. He cut his food with his knife and fork and obediently ate.

"I don't want you to worry about a thing," Mrs. Honberger said. "Mis' Wale and I'll come over tomorrow and give the house a good cleaning, so it'll be all ready for the funeral. You won't have to worry about a thing."

"That's mighty kind of you," said Mr. Welling.

"Has Retty got a black dress to wear?" Mrs. Wale asked.

"I don't know," said Mr. Welling. "Have you got black to wear, Retty?"

Retty shook her head.

"I think she's about my Shirley's

size," said Mrs. Honberger. "Stand up a minute, Retty."

Retty stood up.

"She's a little smaller, but I imagine one of Shirley's dresses would fit her all right," said Mrs. Honberger. "I'll bring one over tomorrow and we'll see."

Retty sat down again.

"Say 'Thank you,' Retty," said Mr. Welling. "Did you hear what Mis' Honberger said? She'll bring you over one of Shirley's dresses."

Retty looked at her plate.

"Retty don't feel very good tonight," said Sim.

Mrs. Wale clicked her tongue several times against the roof of her mouth.

"Did you hear what your father said? Say 'Thank you' to Mis' Honberger, Retty."

"Thank you," said Retty.

She kept looking at her plate.

GARNER put his head down in Retty's lap.

"He's sleepy," Retty said. She pushed his hair back out of his eyes. "I'll fix him some Cream of Wheat and put him to bed," she said.

She got up.

"Little girls ought to clean their plates before they leave the table," said Mrs. Wale.

There was still part of a pork chop and some carrots on Retty's plate. Retty looked at it.

"I can't eat any more," she said. "I'm not hungry. I just can't eat any more."

She went over to the stove and put on some water for the Cream of Wheat.

"It's a pity about them children," Mrs. Wale said to Mr. Welling. "If they was a little older you might manage to keep the family together."

"Yes," said Mr. Welling.

"Well, they say they get good training in them homes," said Mrs. Wale.

Sim picked Garner up and set him on his lap. He put his arms around Garner and held on to him.

"Sim, finish your supper now," said Mrs. Honberger.

Sim just sat there looking at her. His light hair was long and hung down almost into his eyes.

"He'll need a haircut before the funeral," said Mrs. Wale. "We'll put a bowl on his head tomorrow."

She laughed, and wiped her mouth with her napkin.

The others had almost finished their suppers by the time Retty had the Cream of Wheat ready for Garner. She poured it into a dish and put milk and sugar on it for him. Through the screen door the cool evening air came into the hot kitchen where the lights were lit. The three grown-ups sat at the table and talked. Even Mr. Welling talked; he told the others about a new kind of wallpaper cleaner.

"It comes in a can," he said. "A big green can."

None of them talked about the dead woman. They talked about several different kinds of wallpaper cleaners.

The three children sat listening silently.

II

The next morning at half-past eight, Mrs. Honberger and Mrs. Wale came back again. Each of them had brought along a house dress and a dust cap. They put them on and began to clean the house.

The house was small and tidy; there was not a great deal of work for them to do. The children, who had been sent outside, heard them calling to each other from one room to another. They talked and laughed all the while they worked. The children listened to the unfamiliar voices which had taken possession of the house.

By noon almost everything that was necessary to be done in the house had already been finished. They all ate lunch, and afterward, when the children had been sent outside again, Mrs. Honberger said to Mrs. Wale that since they had the time they might as well go through some of the drawers and closets in the house and clean them out. In the kitchen there was a large old-fashioned sideboard with a kind of cupboard underneath. While Mrs. Wale washed the dishes, Mrs. Honberger opened the cupboard doors and took out everything that was inside. She sat on the floor and brought the articles out one by one, putting them down beside her on some newspapers that she had spread out there. Mrs. Wale turned around frequently to look at the things that Mrs. Honberger was bringing out.

In the cupboard beneath the sideboard were the dead woman's best

set of dishes, the silver knives and forks which had been given to her as a wedding present, and a number of her other carefully preserved household treasures: a hand-painted fruit dish, a blue vase decorated with gilt, a pair of old-fashioned china mantel ornaments. There was also a large envelope containing old photographs and snapshots, and another in which there had been stored all the prize compositions, Christmas calendars, and crayon drawings which Sim and Retty had brought home from school.

Mrs. Honberger called Mrs. Wale over to look at the contents of the envelopes. They stared curiously at the faces in the pictures, trying to identify them, and laughing at the outmoded costumes worn by these unknown figures arrested by the camera at some casual moment in the past.

Mrs. Wale looked at a picture of the dead woman that had been taken on a picnic many years before. The dead woman sat beneath a tree, smiling and holding a basket on her lap.

"Mis' Welling was real good-lookin' when she was younger," Mrs. Wale said generously.

Mrs. Honberger looked critically at the picture.

"She never had any style, Mis' Welling didn't," she said. "She wouldn't have been a bad-looking woman if she'd had any style."

She emptied the contents of the other envelope on the floor. The red and yellow and green paper spilled out in a crude chaos about her.

"Now what am I going to do with all this junk?" she asked. "Would you think anybody would want to keep junk like this?"

Mrs. Wale picked up a composition written in a staggering, childish hand and neatly enclosed in a folder of red and green paper.

"'Christmas,'" she read. "'By Henrietta Welling. Grade 2.'"

"I'm going to throw it in the trash," said Mrs. Honberger. "Nobody'd want to keep junk like this."

RETTEY came into the kitchen with Garner. They had been outside in the sun. Their faces looked hot.

"Garner wants a drink of water," Retty said.

Mrs. Wale turned around.

"Take one of them glasses on the table," she said. "They're not washed yet."

She went back across the kitchen to the dishpan.

Retty looked at Mrs. Honberger sitting on the floor with the contents of the sideboard strewn all about.

"What are you doing?" she asked haltingly.

She spoke in such a peculiar tone that Mrs. Honberger glanced up at her for a moment.

"I'm just cleaning out this cupboard," said Mrs. Honberger. "You take the baby outside now, Retty. He'll get in the way."

"Those are my Mom's things," Retty said.

Her face looked pale. The freckles on it stood out distinctly.

"I know," said Mrs. Honberger. "Mis' Wale and I are cleaning out some of her cupboards and drawers now."

She opened a box and took out a long curled plume, dyed dark red.

"Look at this," she said to Mrs. Wale. She held it up. "It must be twenty years since anybody wore anything like this."

"It's bent a little, too," said Mrs. Wale. "Might as well throw it out." She wiped her soapy hands on her apron, standing with her back to the sink. "We used to think we were right in style when we were wearin' one of them things," she said. "The longer they were, the better we liked it."

Mrs. Honberger laughed. She held the plume up to one side of her head.

"Those are my Mom's things," Retty said again. She took a step forward.

Mrs. Honberger looked at her rather sharply.

"Retty, I told you to take the baby outside," she said. "You go on out now; you're in the way."

She threw the plume over on one of the newspapers where the contents of the large envelopes already lay scattered.

Retty came forward quickly and picked up the plume. She picked up the photographs and the other things that were lying on the newspapers and held them clutched tightly to her chest. Some of them dropped and she tried to pick them up again.

"These are my Mom's things," she said in a loud voice to Mrs. Hon-

berger. "I want them. Don't you dare throw any of them out."

Mrs. Honberger got up quickly from the floor. Her face grew flushed.

"Well, did you ever—I" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Wale turned around again emphatically from the sink.

"Mis' Welling spoiled them children," she said. "She needs a good taking down, that young lady does. Her daddy ought to give her a good whippin' for talkin' that way to you, Mis' Honberger."

Retty stood facing them. She was shaking all over.

"They're my Mom's things," she said. "I got a right to have them."

She bent over and picked up the things that she had dropped on the floor.

"It'll be the best thing in the world for them children to be sent where they'll learn some manners," said Mrs. Wale. "I never heard anything so impiddent in all my born days."

"Well, I just wish she was mine for a few hours," said Mrs. Honberger. "I'd teach her a thing or two all right."

Retty stood in front of them. Her eyes looked at them, shining brightly with fear and loyalty.

"I got a right to them," she said.

THE three children sat on a wooden bench in the back yard. They had pulled the bench over so that they could see around the side of the house. There was a hot wind blowing and the sun was shining. With their three

serious faces they looked as if they were sitting on the bench to have their pictures taken.

They saw a stout woman in a black-and-white print dress come down the street and go into the house.

"There goes Mis' Harkmyer in," Retty said.

"Yes," said Sim.

They sat on the bench as if they were waiting for something. Garner sat between Sim and Retty.

"There aren't very many people comin'," Sim said to Retty after a while.

"I'd rather they didn't," Retty said. "I'd rather nobody got to see her but just us."

The sun shone down on their faces which were glistening a little with perspiration. They had light uncertain eyes and hair, and their clothes were old and serious clothes. It was the clothes that made them look old and serious, or it was the contours of their pale freckled faces.

"I'd kind of like it if there were more," Sim said. "I'd kind of like it if there were a lot of people who cared."

"We care," said Retty. "That's enough. If we care bad enough, there's more caring about her than there could be about a queen."

"Do you think so?" Sim asked.

"Sure, I think so," said Retty.

She began to cry. She did not want to cry. Her face became ugly and distorted. She cried hard.

"No! No!" said Garner.

He reached up and put his hand on Retty's face.

"Don't cry, Retty," Sim said to her. He said it in a nice voice.

"I'm going to quit," said Retty.

She blew her nose. Her face was splotted with red. She pushed her hair back from her forehead.

"That don't do any good," she said. "I didn't mean to."

She took Garner on her lap.

They sat there on the bench without saying anything. They saw Mrs. Harkmyer come out of the house and go away. The harvest sun shone hot and yellow.

"Sim," said Retty after a while, "do I look like her?"

Sim looked at her.

"Maybe," he said. "Maybe. People always said you took after her."

"I want to look like her," Retty said. "If I look like her I won't ever forget, and neither will you, and neither will Garner."

"I won't ever forget anyway," Sim said.

"Neither will I," said Retty. "But I want to look like her anyway."

THEY saw somebody open the kitchen screen door from the inside. It was Mrs. Honberger. She called: "Children — supper!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Sim.

Mrs. Honberger closed the screen door and went inside.

"Come on, Retty," Sim said, after a moment or two had passed.

He got up and lifted Garner off Retty's lap and set him on his feet. Garner held on to Retty's dress.

"Retty," said Garner.

Sim looked at Retty. She looked as if she were going to cry again.

"Are you all right?" he asked her.

"I'm fine," she said. She stood up and took Garner's hand. "Come on, Garner; we're going inside," she said.

"You're sure?" Sim persisted.

"Yes," said Retty. "I feel fine."

She began to walk toward the house. She walked slowly so that Garner could keep up with her. Sim walked on a little ahead.

When they went into the house, Mrs. Honberger and Mrs. Wale were in the kitchen.

"Are your hands clean, children?" Mrs. Honberger said.

Sim went over to the sink to wash his hands. There was something frying on the stove. The table was set and Mrs. Wale was mashing the potatoes.

The three children washed their hands and stood waiting for the signal to sit down at the table. They stood in a row, waiting uncertainly. The harvest sun shone through the open window on their faces.

Mrs. Wale was talking to Mrs. Honberger while she mashed the potatoes.

"I hate to see anybody die without leavin' anything," she said. "It always seems sort of shiftless to me. My sister Lou had four hundred dollars put by out of her egg money when she died. It buried her beautiful. I always say, the right kind of woman'll manage to leave something behind her when she dies."

"That's what I think," agreed Mrs. Honberger.

The three children stood listening to them silently.



MY VISIT TO THE WARSAW GHETTO

BY JAN KARSKI

I WAS due to leave Poland. Before I left, it was arranged by order of the office of the Delegate of the Polish government in London and of the commander of the Underground army that I should meet with two men who were directing the Jewish Underground. These men had been eminent in the Jewish community. One was the head of the Zionist organization, the other was the leader of the Jewish Socialist Alliance, called the Bund. It was the latter who had the dangerous task of directing relief for the Jewish population and smuggling the most valuable inhabitants out of the ghetto.

The three of us met at twilight in a huge, empty and half-ruined house in the Warsaw suburbs. The fact that both of the leaders were present had a special significance. It meant that the material I was to transmit to the Polish and Allied authorities could contain nothing that was in the exclusive polit-

ical interest of either group. It would, on the contrary, express and convey the information, sentiments, requests and instructions of the entire Jewish population of Poland — the population that at the moment was dying as a unit.

The two men were unforgettable. They were less like men than incarnations of mass suffering and nerves strained in hopeless effort. Both lived outside the ghetto but were able, by secret means, to enter and leave it at will and carry on their work there.

Inside the ghetto they looked, talked and acted like the other inhabitants. To carry on their tasks outside they succeeded in changing their appearance so completely as to go absolutely undetected. The Bund leader in particular, with his distinguished gray hair and whiskers, ruddy complexion, erect carriage and general air of good health and refinement, passed easily as a Polish nobleman. Before the war

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he had been a well-known lawyer. Now he appeared before the German authorities as the owner of a large store, prosperous, dignified and unruffled. How great an effort of will this pose must have required I was to realize when he took me to the ghetto. The air of well-being and *savoir faire* seemed to vanish instantly. The well-groomed Polish merchant underwent an instant transformation and became a Jew, one of the thousands of wretched, exhausted, starving Jews.

The first thing made clear to me as we sat talking in that darkening Warsaw suburb was the absolute hopelessness of their predicament. For the Polish Jews, this was the end of a world. There was no possible escape for them or for their fellows. Yet this was only part of the tragedy, only partially the cause of their despair and agony. They were not afraid of death itself. They accepted it as something almost inevitable. But harshly and inescapably linked with it was the knowledge that in this war, for them, the Jews, there could be no hope of a final victory.

The Zionist leader made this clear to me at once. "You other Poles are fortunate," he said. "You suffer, too. Many of you will die. But at least your nation goes on living. After the war Poland will be resurrected. Your cities will be rebuilt and your wounds will slowly heal. From this ocean of pain and humiliation your country will emerge. But the Polish Jews will no longer exist. We will be dead. Hitler will lose his war against the human,

the just and the good, but he will win his war against the Jews."

It was an evening of nightmare. I sat in an old, rickety armchair, as if I had been nailed there, unable to utter a word while the torrents of their emotion broke over me.

II

After a while the older man calmed the Zionist, laying one hand on his shoulder. "We have work to do," he said, "and very little time to do it. We have to talk to the point."

There was a pause while the Zionist leader struggled to regain his self-control. At length he smiled wistfully.

"I am here to help, if I can," I said. "I will be in London soon and in a position to obtain audiences with the Allied authorities. You are the leaders of the Jewish Underground. What do you want me to say?"

The Bund leader spoke first.

"We want you to tell this to the Polish and Allied governments and the great leaders of the Allies. We are helpless in the face of the German criminals. We cannot defend ourselves and no one in Poland can defend us. The Polish Underground can save some of us but it cannot save masses. The Germans are not trying to enslave us as they do other people; we are being systematically murdered."

The Zionist broke in at this point, "That is what people do not understand. That is what is so difficult to make clear."

I nodded my assent.

"Our entire people can be destroyed," the Bund leader continued. "A few may be saved, perhaps, but three million Polish Jews are doomed. This cannot be prevented — not by any force in Poland, neither by the Polish nor the Jewish Underground. More than 1,800,000 have already been murdered. Place this responsibility on the shoulders of the Allies. Let not a single leader of the United Nations be able to say that he did not know that we were being murdered in Poland and could not be helped except from the outside."

"Could you give me," I asked, "the approximate figures on the murders among the ghetto population?"

"The exact figure can be very nearly computed from the German deportation orders," the Zionist leader informed me.

"Do you mean that every one of those presumably deported was actually killed?"

"Every last one," the Bund leader asserted. "The Germans keep up a pretense that this was not so. But we know otherwise."

"When did these deportations begin?"

"The first deportation order came in July. The German authorities demanded five thousand persons a day. They were supposed to be sent out of Warsaw to work. We know they were sent directly to the execution camps. It was then raised to six, seven and finally to ten thousand a day. When Czerniakow, an engineer who was chairman of the Jewish community, received the

German demand for ten thousand people daily to report for 'work,' he committed suicide. He knew what it meant."

"How many were deported altogether?"

"Over three hundred thousand. More than one hundred thousand are left in the ghetto and the deportations are still going on."

I was unable to speak. This was October 1942. In two and a half months, in one district in Poland, the Nazis had committed three hundred thousand murders. This was the unprecedented criminality I had to report to London. But the report was not to be based on uncorroborated word-of-mouth stories.

I told them that I had to see the ghetto for myself. They agreed. They offered to take me to the Warsaw ghetto so that I could literally see the spectacle of a people expiring, breathing its last before my eyes. At the same time they warned me that I would have to risk my life to make the trip. They told me, too, that as long as I lived I would be haunted by the scenes I would witness.

It was settled that I was to return to this house again to continue discussing how I could most effectively present their case.

III

When I returned, the scene and the persons had not altered. For awhile we discussed my forthcoming trip to the ghetto, disposing of details like my

attire and behavior. Finally I asked them what they wanted me to say to the British and American authorities if they asked me how they could help. The answer I got was bitter and realistic.

This time the Zionist leader spoke first. "Germany can be impressed only by power and violence," he declared. "The cities of Germany ought to be bombed mercilessly, and with every bombing leaflets should be dropped informing the Germans fully of the fate of the Polish Jews, and threatening the entire German nation with a similar fate. We do not believe in the slaughter of the German people but such a threat is the only possible way to check the German atrocities. Such a warning backed by force might frighten the German people into putting enough pressure on their leaders to make them change their practices. Nothing else will."

"We know," the Bund leader cut in, "that possibly this plan cannot fit into Allied military strategy, but we can't help that. The Jews and those who wish to help them cannot afford to approach this war from a purely military standpoint.

"German aims and methods are without precedent in history. The democracies must react in a way that is also without precedent, choose unheard-of methods as an answer. If not, Allied victory will be only partial, only a military victory. Their methods will not preserve what the enemy includes in his program of destruction. Their methods will not preserve us."

They paused as if to let the knowledge of their true condition sink into me.

"It is impossible," exclaimed one of them at last, clenching his fists above his head in a violent gesture of protest. "The democracies cannot calmly put up with the assertion that the Jewish people in Europe cannot be saved. If American and British citizens can be saved, why can't evacuation of even the Jewish children be arranged on a large scale, of Jewish women, of the sick, the old? Offer the Germans an exchange. Offer them money or terror. Why can't the lives of a few thousand Polish Jews be bought?"

"How? How can this be done?" I asked, bewildered. "It is opposed to all war strategy. How can we give our enemies money, how can we give them back their soldiers to use against us in the front line?"

"That's just it. That's what we're up against. Everybody tells us, 'This is contrary to the strategy of this war,' but strategy can be changed, strategy can be adjusted. Let's adjust it to include the rescue of a fraction of the unhappy Jewish people. Why does the world let us all die? Haven't we contributed our share to culture, to civilization? Haven't we worked and fought and bled? Why do they fight for all the others? Why was it never said that strategy and tactics would be changed to correspond to the methods applied by the Germans to the Jewish population?"

I stood up suddenly.

"What plan of action do you want

me to suggest to the Jewish leaders in England and America? They have something to say about the course of this war. They can act for you."

The Bund leader answered me.

"Tell the Jewish leaders that this is no case for politics or tactics. Tell them that the earth must be shaken to its foundations, the world must be aroused until it wakes up. Perhaps it will wake up, understand, perceive. Tell them that they must find the strength and courage to make sacrifices no other statesmen have ever had to make, sacrifices as painful as the fate of my dying people, and as unique."

He paused and then spoke slowly and with deliberation as though each word were costing him an effort.

"Tell them to go to all the important English and American offices and agencies. Tell them not to leave until they have obtained guarantees that a way has been decided upon to save the Jews. Let them accept no food or drink, let them die a slow death while the world is looking on. Let them die. This may shake the conscience of the world."

"One moment more," the Zionist leader insisted. "This we did not intend to tell you, but I want you to know it. We do not demand such sacrifices from our leaders abroad out of cruelty. We expect to make them here ourselves. The ghetto is going to go up in flames. We are not going to die in slow torment. We'll die fighting. We will declare war on Germany — the most hopeless declaration of war that has ever been made."

The Bund leader whispered as if afraid that someone might overhear his words, or that the wind would bring them to the ears of the Gestapo.

"We are organizing a defense of the ghetto," he said slowly, "not because we think it can be defended, but to let the world see the hopelessness of our battle — as a demonstration and a reproach. We are now negotiating with your own commander for the arms we need. If we get them, then, one of these days, the deportation squad is going to get a surprise."

IV

Two days later I went to the Warsaw ghetto with the Bund leader and another of the Jewish Underground. The Germans had, of course, designated the poorest district in Warsaw as the site of the ghetto. The houses were all old and dingy, and no more than two or three stories high. The streets were narrow. They were without more than the semblance of a pavement or sidewalk. Great gaps had been torn in this collection of hovels by the German bombardment and no repairs had been attempted — the heaps of rubble remained as they had fallen. A brick wall about eight feet high had been built around the entire, desolate area, from which all the "Aryans" had been evacuated and into which more than 400,000 Jews had been forced.

I wore an old, shabby suit and a cap pulled down over my eyes. I tried to make myself look small and thin. At my side walked two typical inhabit-

ants of the ghetto, dressed in rags, scrawny and half-starved. We had reached the ghetto by a secret passage that must have been obvious to anyone who scrutinized the district at all carefully.

Adjoining the wall on the outside was a large open court that likewise surrounded nearly the entire ghetto. One of the buildings on this court was so constructed that its front door opened into the Aryan district, while an exit from its cellar led directly into the ghetto. This building gave many Jews the opportunity of contact with the outer world. Now that the Warsaw ghetto no longer even exists, destroyed in the heroic "defense" my friends had promised, I can mention the building and its cellars with impunity.

Is it still necessary to describe the Warsaw ghetto? Much has already been written about it, by unimpeachable witnesses. A cemetery? No, these bodies were still moving, were indeed often violently agitated. These were still living people, if you could call them such — apart from their skin, eyes, and voice there was nothing human left. Everywhere was hunger, misery, the atrocious stench of decomposing bodies, the unmistakable moans of dying children, the desperate cries and gasps of a people struggling for life against impossible odds.

To pass that wall was to enter into a world utterly unlike anything that had ever been imagined. The entire population of the ghetto seemed to be living in the street. There was hardly

a square yard of empty space. As we picked our way across the mud and rubble, the shadows of what had once been men or women flitted by us in pursuit of someone or something, their eyes blazing with some insane hunger.

Everyone and everything seemed to vibrate with unnatural intensity, to be in constant motion, enveloped in a haze of disease and death. Their bodies, if I may so express it, appeared to be throbbing in disintegration. We passed an old man standing against a wall staring lugubriously and glassy-eyed into space, and although he barely moved from his spot, he, too, seemed to be strangely animated, his body tormented by a force that made his skin twitch in little areas.

We passed a miserable specimen of a park — a little square of comparatively clear ground in which a half-dozen nearly leafless trees and a patch of grass had somehow managed to survive. It was fearfully crowded. Mothers huddled close together on benches nursing withered infants. Children, every bone in their skeletons showing through their taut skins, played in heaps and swarms.

"They play before they die," I heard my companion on the left say, his voice breaking with emotion.

We heard the sound of a large number of footsteps rising and falling in unison. A group of about a hundred young men were approaching us. They marched in formation in the middle of the street and were escorted by policemen. Their clothes were torn and dirty like the rest but they were ob-

viously stronger, better-nourished. The reason was apparent. As they passed us I noticed that each carried a ragged bundle from which protruded the end of a loaf of bread and some green vegetable tips.

Their physical condition was indubitably better than that of their neighbors. But there was something uncanny, robot-like about their appearance. They walked stiffly. The muscles on their faces seemed to have set rigidly into a mold of habitual, unbroken fatigue. Their eyes were glazed and blank and focused straight ahead as though nothing could distract their attention.

"Those are fortunate," the Bund leader told me. "The Germans still find them useful. They can work repairing roads and tracks. They are protected as long as their hands last and their muscles move. Everyone in the ghetto envies them. We supply as many people as we can with forged documents proving that they hold similar jobs. Otherwise they would be murdered. We have saved thousands of lives this way. But this cannot work much longer."

More than once I was horrified: we went by naked corpses lying in the streets.

"What does it mean?" I asked my guide. "Why are they lying there naked?"

"When a Jew dies," he answered, "his family removes his clothing and throws his body in the street. If not, they have to pay the Germans to have the body buried. They have instituted

a burial tax which virtually no one here can afford. Besides, this saves clothing. Here, every rag counts."

Suddenly my companions seized my arms. I thought I had been recognized. They rushed me through the nearest entrance.

"Hurry, hurry, you must see this. This is something for you to tell the world about. Hurry!"

V

We climbed to the top floor. I heard the sound of a shot from somewhere. My guides knocked at a door. It opened half-way to disclose a white, emaciated face.

"Do your windows face the street?" the Bund leader asked.

"No, the courtyard. What do you want?"

The Bund leader slammed the door shut furiously. He rushed to the opposite door and battered upon it. It opened. He pushed aside a young boy, who ran back into the room with frightened cries. They urged me to the window, pulled down the shade and told me to look through the slit at the side.

"Now you'll see something. The hunt. You would never believe it if you did not see it for yourself."

I looked through the opening. In the middle of the street two boys, dressed in the uniform of the *Hilferjugend*, were standing. They wore no caps and their blond hair shone in the sun. With their round, rosy-cheeked faces and their blue eyes they were

like images of health and life. They chattered, laughed, pushed each other in spasms of merriment. At that moment, the younger one pulled a gun out of his hip pocket and then I first realized what I was witnessing. His eyes roamed about, seeking something. A target. He was looking for a target with the casual, gay absorption of a boy at a carnival.

I followed his glance. For the first time I noticed that all the pavements about them were absolutely deserted. Nowhere within the scope of those blue eyes, in no place from which those cheerful, healthy faces could be seen was there a single human being. The gaze of the boy with the gun came to rest on a spot out of my line of vision. He raised his arm and took careful aim. The shot rang out, followed by the noise of breaking glass and then the terrible cry of a man in agony.

The boy who had fired the shot shouted with joy. The other clapped him on the shoulder and said something to him, obviously complimentary. They smiled at each other and stood there for a moment, gay and insolent, as though aware of their invisible audience. Then they linked their arms and walked off gracefully towards the exit of the ghetto, chatting cheerfully as if they were returning from a sporting event.

I stood there, my face glued to the window. In the room behind me there was complete silence. No one even stirred. I remained where I was, afraid to change the position of my body, to

move my hand or relax my cramped legs.

I do not know how long I remained there. Any interval might have elapsed. At length I felt someone's hand on my shoulder. Repressing a nervous start, I turned around. A woman, the tenant of the apartment, was standing there, her gaunt face the color of chalk in the dim light. She gestured at me.

"You came to see us? It won't do any good. Go back, run away. Don't torture yourself any more."

My two guides were sitting motionlessly on a dilapidated couch, their heads between their hands. I approached them.

"Let's go," I said, stammering. "Take me out of here. . . . I am very tired. I must go immediately. I will come back some other time. . . ."

They rose quickly and silently and placed themselves at my sides. We clattered hurriedly down the broken staircase without saying a word.

Two days afterwards I repeated my visit to the ghetto. With my two guides I walked again for three hours through the streets of this Inferno, the better to attest the truth.

Later, before leading men and women of the free countries, I reported my experiences. Those to whom I reported included members of the British and American governments, and Jewish leaders of both continents. I told it to others, too, less well-known, and to one, in particular, who will never be heard from again.

It was in London, five weeks later, I saw this man. My meeting with him

was one of innumerable appointments. His name was Szmul Zygelbojm. He had been in Poland until 1940, working in the Jewish Underground. He had been a member of the council of the Warsaw ghetto, and had been held for a time as a hostage by the Nazis.

I began my story in a cut-and-dried fashion. I had finally, after much experience, mastered a kind of formula for these situations. I had found that, on the whole, the most effective way of getting my material across was not to attempt to soften or interpret it, but to convey it livingly, reproducing not merely ideas and instructions but the language, gestures and nuances of those from whom the material came.

Zygelbojm listened thirstily, with an avid desire for information it was impossible to satisfy.

"Conditions are horrible. The people in the ghetto live in constant agony, a lingering, tormenting death," I was reciting almost by rote. "This is what *they* want from their leaders in the free countries of the world, this is what *they* told me to say: 'Let them go to all the important English and American offices and agencies. Tell them not to leave until they have obtained guarantees that a way has been decided upon to save the Jews. Let them accept no food or drink, let them die a slow death while the world looks on. Let them die. This may shake the conscience of the world.'"

Zygelbojm started as though he had been bitten. "It is impossible," he exploded. "You know what would happen. They would simply bring in two policemen and have me dragged away to an institution. Do you think they will let me die a slow, lingering death? Never . . . they would never let me."

We talked at great length. At the end of the interview I was utterly fatigued, my powers of response completely sapped. He looked even more tired, his eyes nearly starting out of their sockets.

As we shook hands, Zygelbojm gazed directly into my eyes.

"Mr. Karski, I'll do everything I can to help them. Everything! I'll do everything they demand — if only I am given a chance."

Some weeks later I had all but forgotten Zygelbojm. I was sitting in my room, resting, when the telephone rang. It was an employee of the Polish Ministry of the Interior's office at Stratton House.

"Mr. Karski, I was told to inform you that Szmul Zygelbojm, a member of the Polish National Council and representative of the Bund in London, committed suicide yesterday. He left some notes. They tell that he did all he could to help the Jews in Poland but failed, that all his brothers will perish and that he is joining them. He turned on the gas in his apartment."



"HEART DISEASE ... but I've never been sick in my life!"

Why should heart disease strike a woman of health and vitality?

*Well, the doctor explained, you know how age affects your face and hands and hair. Over the years, your heart grows older, too, so that it may be less able to meet the demands of strenuous living. Unless you learn to know and live within the capacities of your heart, you *may**



Sudden exertion is a thing to avoid.

risk serious coronary heart disease even in the very prime of life.

Just what is coronary heart disease?

Coronary heart disease means that the walls of the coronary arteries—the arteries feeding the heart muscle—have hardened up a bit, become thicker, and have lost some of their elasticity. As a result, the heart muscle receives less blood and thus less food and oxygen. Naturally, if you then make excessive demands on your heart, you're inviting trouble.

Coronary heart disease is the most common form among women past forty. Even at younger ages you should watch for such possible warning symptoms as

excessive fatigue, shortness of breath, chest pains, or oppression near the heart.

What can be done about it?

First, see your doctor and be guided by his advice. If the attack is severe, he may prescribe a period of rest in bed.

The doctor will surely recommend the rules for living which everyone over forty would be wise to follow as a **PRECAUTION** against heart disease.

For example, the doctor will advise moderation in all things. He will stress the importance of avoiding sudden exertion—the wisdom of getting plenty of sleep and avoiding overweight. Periodic



It's wise to get at least 8 hours sleep every night.

physical examinations will probably be recommended, including X-ray, laboratory, or other tests.

Must patients become invalids?

No—so long as they don't overdo. Diagnosed early, the damage to the heart may be negligible. Besides, it should not be cause for needless worry. Today, thousands of people who have heart disease, and who take care of themselves, are living virtually normal lives. Strict self-discipline, to gain freedom from all worry and strain, is of primary



importance. Less strenuous forms of physical recreation should be found. In



Walking, in moderation, offers pleasure without strain.

other words, it is necessary *to relax*.

. . .

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VENEREAL DISEASE AND WAR

BY SAMUEL TENENBAUM

FROM time immemorial, venereal disease and war have been closely associated. The rapid spread of syphilis in Europe was primarily due to the far-flung movements of armies. In fact, historically, the disease was first noted among Spanish troops sent to the siege of Naples in the fifteenth century, and from them spread to the soldiers of Charles VIII of France. In our own country, the venereal rate in the armed forces during the Mexican War jumped from a peacetime norm that hovered around 90, to 161 per 1000; leaped to 214 per 1000 during the Civil War; reached a high of 180 per 1000 during the Spanish-American War; and rose to 107 per 1000 during World War I.

In World War II, the Army rate is running less than 30 new cases per 1000, a remarkably low record. Even this could be brought down to an even more negligible number were it not for a new source of infection, the 'teen-age non-professional who may be a high school girl, promiscuous barmaid, or lonely, unadjusted soldier-wife.

From Washington comes the report that of 1800 enlisted men found with

venereal disease, at least 64 per cent were infected by such "amateurs." Army officers maintain that in New York City non-professional pick-ups account for three out of four infections. Says Lieutenant Commander Clarence J. Buckley, venereal control officer in Philadelphia: "The kids outnumber the streetwalkers four to one."

"The oldtime prostitute in a house or the formal prostitute on the street is sinking into second place," declares Dr. John H. Stokes, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

This development is not confined to our shores. The *British Medical Journal* attributes 90 per cent of venereal disease infections in that country to amateur carriers. In Australia, according to the *Medical Journal of Australia*, the rate for amateurs is 85 per cent.

Most alarming to public health officers is the downward trend in the average age of these disease-bearing youngsters. For the age group between fifteen and nineteen years, in 1943, there was a 132 per cent increase in the incidence of infectious syphilis; while for the age group between

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twenty and twenty-four the increase was 76 per cent.

Before continuing with the consideration of these new carriers of venereal infection, a few remarks about the part hitherto played by the professional prostitutes as carriers are in order. Careful studies extending over a century indicate that 50 to 90 per cent of professional prostitutes are venereally infected. Near an Atlantic Coast cantonment, police raids made on brothels netted forty women, of whom only one was definitely established to be free of venereal disease.

Of 180 women engaged in prostitution, according to a study made by Dr. A. B. Price and Dr. E. J. Weber, venereal disease control officers, a hasty first-inspection revealed that 37 per cent were infected with syphilis and 10 per cent with gonorrhea. A more careful inspection would undoubtedly have shown both rates to be higher. And the overwhelming evidence is that legalized prostitution, no matter how thoroughly regulated, offers no solution.

The Navy Department in 1917 discovered that the venereal rate for the marines stationed in Haiti was 170.56 per 1000. Officers determined to take action and set up a regulated, medically-supervised area which was known as the Barahona district. But after a year of operation, the rate shot up to 243.36 per 1000, breaking all records, and the experiment came to an end.

An even more dramatic illustration of the effects of legalized prostitution is supplied by San Antonio, Texas,

whose city fathers authorized the establishment within the city limits of "Spictown." There "regulated" prostitutes rented "cribs."

Venereal hospital admissions in the San Antonio area were three times higher than those of the Army as a whole until, one day, without any previous warnings, Police Commissioner P. L. Anderson ordered his vice squad to "close every house in town by six o'clock."

What was the outcome? The Army venereal rate went down precipitously, like a busted balloon careening to earth. Specifically, in November 1941, when the campaign began, the rate was 89 new cases per 1000. A year later, the rate was down to 13.8 per 1000.

Despite such conclusive evidence of the folly of legalized prostitution, some Army officers still believe in segregation. Their stand recalls the heated controversy that arose in the last World War between Clemenceau and General Pershing. Pershing was responsible for General Orders 34 and 77, probably unique in war annals, in which he decreed that the venereal rate of a unit should be one of the factors in judging the success and the adequacy of its commanding officer.

The French army was committed to a system of segregation, and it was displeased with the American habit of declaring houses of prostitution out of bounds. Clemenceau wrote an indignant letter to General Pershing vigorously defending the French system. But Pershing was unimpressed and

pointed to our record — a lower venereal rate than had any of the other Allied armies.

As long ago as 1914, Dr. Abraham Flexner, after studying methods of segregation of prostitution in France, Germany and Belgium, came to the conclusion that the arrangements were inadequate, gave a sense of false security, and led to the spread of social disease. No examination, Dr. Flexner pointed out, can guarantee that any prostitute is free from syphilis, as it takes from twenty to forty days for the germ to appear in the blood stream.

Segregation, as a matter of fact, increases the amount of venereal disease as it tends to increase exposure.

II

While organized prostitution has been practically wiped out in the neighborhood of most Army camps, the Army, as has been said, is confronted by a new, surprising type of carrier and spreader — the “khaki-wacky.”

Recently, the police inaugurated a search for three girls who had run away from a select and expensive New England finishing school. They were found entertaining three sailors in a cheap, side-street hotel in New York City.

In New York City in 1943 the number of runaway girls of thirteen to twenty years rose 41 per cent over 1942, and the city's Wayward Minors' Court, dealing with girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, increased its case load by 100 per cent.

For the country as a whole the arrests of girls last year were 100 per cent greater than in 1941.

The Florence Crittenton League, which maintains maternity refuges for wayward and destitute girls, reported that 90 per cent of the women it sheltered last year were eighteen years old or under and that 60 per cent were under sixteen. Less than 4 per cent of the women were married.

Besides “khaki-wacky” adolescents, there are the semi-professional girls who are promiscuous waitresses in bars, honky-tonks, jukebox joints, amusement parks. Then there are lonely wives, female adventurers, camp followers and girls who leave their home towns to be with their sweethearts, who are caught by the glamour of the uniform and the disorganization of traditions, *mores* and fixed social arrangements that war brings.

Typical of this whole group is Mildred, a girl of about eighteen, simply dressed. Around midnight she was standing at a Times Square subway entrance, watching the crowd rather sadly, hoping for a “pick-up.”

“I came to New York from an Army camp cafeteria,” she explained. “My husband is a private. He was stationed at the camp but he's overseas now. I ran away from home to marry him. I get \$50 a month from him, but we both want a divorce.

“I'm not bad,” she added, “but a girl who's been married gets lonely. I stood it till November.”

She couldn't go home now. Her father wouldn't want her back, and

after New York she couldn't stand that quiet, small, home town.

She said, "I only go out with three or four men a week. And I don't take money. I'm going out steady now, with a merchant marine. We both want to get married."

Why is she standing there, then, watching for pick-ups? She probably has no answer. She's mixed up about her wants and desires.

This type of girl has introduced still another problem. In the old days it was easy to warn the men against prostitutes, for they could be recognized fairly easily. Now the whole matter has become vastly complicated. Since many of the promiscuous women are not professional prostitutes, the young men are prone to believe they are harbingers of genuine romance. In a bar-and-grill, when a decent-looking girl leans for support on a soldier and looks up to him with worshipful eyes, he usually cannot resist.

The control of infection among such promiscuous girls presents unusual problems. There was a definite way to deal with the brothel — put the house out of bounds and see that no soldier visited it. But the amateur and semi-professional arrangements are ambulatory, and stopping them is difficult.

Venereal control officers are generally agreed that the following are the effective methods of prevention:

1. The suppression of brothels in the neighborhoods of all Army camps.
2. Education — the factual presentation of the evils of venereal disease

through lectures, movies, discussions.

3. Prophylaxis. This is perhaps the most effective method. In 1912, personal prophylaxis was imposed upon the American Army and by 1914 the rate of hospital admissions for venereal disease had dropped from 163.85 to 87.02 per 1000. Those camps which have had outstandingly low venereal rates have established prophylaxis stations in the main parts of towns, readily accessible to the men both day and night.

4. Provision for wholesome recreation. Sexual promiscuity is a recreation which competes with other forms of amusement. The danger hour for the soldier is the twilight hour when he has finished his shopping, seen the local movies, been in for an ice cream, had his coffee and pie, and finds nothing of interest outside of hanging around the streets in a strange town. This is the hour when the honky-tonk, the brothel or the adolescent street-walker present their most alluring appeal. The town that provides clean yet mature entertainment; that makes it possible for boys and girls to meet under wholesome circumstances, has made a real contribution toward keeping our young men uncontaminated and uninfected.

Our present Army in all probability will be the cleanest and most wholesome and least exposed army of all times. The already remarkably low venereal rate would have been cut still further if the "amoral" amateur had not appeared on the scene. The

eradication of brothels near army camps means crushing the core and the substance of venereal disease. The amateur, true enough, presents a more difficult problem but, as has been pointed out, the Army venereal officers are evolving methods of doing away with her. The Army announces with pride that during 1943 only 27 out of 1000 soldiers caught a venereal

disease, the lowest infection rate ever recorded. The Navy's rate also was low.

For armies — any army — this represents something truly to brag about. Compared to our civilian rate before Pearl Harbor, of 45.3 per 1000, it means that soldiers are, so to speak, nearly twice as “clean” as the rest of the male population.



FACES

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

THE faces of men are for all to read,
Revealing every hurt and exultation,
Each leap and sinking of the heart,
By day or night.

The faces of women are ever illegible,
Concealing agonies, joys and doubts alike,
Except the one gladness
Of life's brief tenderness.

The faces of children bear many messages
Of distant past and more distant future,
Heavy with meanings forever closed
To all but to one another.

THE JUMPING FROG JUBILEE

By JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

FOR myself, I do not believe that people have to be taught history through any painless, pink pill process, and I often wonder why the movies go out of their way to spoon history down us in what they must consider an attractive form.

Recently, I went to see that movie, *The Adventures of Mark Twain*. I wanted to see what they would do to Angel's Camp. That's a little gold rush community in Calaveras County, California. No story about Sam Clemens can leave out Angel's Camp. It is a place inherently Western and frontier-like. It has not become a ghost town. From that movie, you might think that frog jubilees have been annual events ever since Noah got back from Mt. Ararat. People, it ain't so!

To begin with, Bret Harte was not a celebrated character of those parts when Sam Clemens lived on Jackass Hill with the Gillis brothers. In fact, Old Man Bill Gillis told me, Bret Harte never was a celebrity of Calaveras at any time. Harte crossed over Jackass Hill one pitch-black night in a

driving rainstorm and knocked at Jim Gillis' cabin. Gillis let him in, dried his clothes for him, put him up for the night, and gave him a twenty-dollar gold piece next morning so he might take the stage to Stockton. Harte was passing through the Mother Lode District as an observer. Later, he wrote several poems about *Truthful James*, and a lot of people said Jim Gillis was Truthful James. But one night in Sonora, Jim almost killed a fellow for calling him that. Jim Gillis never did appreciate that appellation.

The movie had Steve Gillis stuff the frog full of buckshot. The Gillis brothers were three in number, Steve, Jim and Bill, and Steve was the most dignified one of the whole family. He never would have carried on as his counterpart did in the movie.

Not only did they not have Jumping Frog Jubilees there in the nineteenth century, but the story itself did not come from Calaveras County.

The story was born in the State of Arkansas, and was picked up there by Dan Rice, the old circus clown, who carried it to Angel's Camp. He told it

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to Ross Coon, bartender of the Angel's Camp Hotel.

Ross Coon told the story to Sam Clemens when Sam came in town from Jackass Hill, down the road. Clemens cared nothing for mining; he was not interested in gold at all. He was simply marking time until Steve Gillis' scrape with the San Francisco police blew over. Steve had knocked out a bartender who was about to kill a man smaller than himself, and the police were looking for him. They would make it hot for Sam, too, because he had been criticizing the police department. Steve and Sam had stuck together ever since they met in Nevada, so now, when Steve was leaving San Francisco, he advised Sam to go to Tuttletown and stay on Jackass Hill with Steve's two brothers. Clemens did so. That's how he happened to become a visitor at Ross Coon's bar.

And lucky for him he did, for that frog story was the cornerstone of his literary reputation. Artemus Ward asked him to send the story to New York to be printed in Ward's forthcoming book. But when the story reached New York, the book was all set to go to press . . . so the publisher gave it to the editor of the *Saturday Review*, a paper that appeared for the last time with the issue that contained Sam Clemens' story. The story was so good that even the demise of the paper could not carry it down to oblivion. It caught on, and Sam Clemens' reputation as a humorist was made.

II

In the year 1928, certain citizens of Angel's Camp decided to celebrate the story with an annual Jumping Frog Jubilee. Among them were Harry Varden, the postmaster, Charles Christopher Crespi, the banker, John Lemue, the hotelkeeper, and Peyton Vurvanus Goodloe, proprietor of the drug store.

Until the war, the Jubilee was mentioned every May in press association dispatches, usually with a reference to some frog with a comic strip name that had jumped between twelve and eighteen feet. That's what the stories said.

I attended the second annual Jubilee in 1929, and I tell you what I saw was more wonderful than frogs or anything else: I saw a spirit that was just about the grandest in America. Something made me warm to those Angel's Camp people; there was a hospitality and a cheerfulness that came out from them and took me in.

They did not dislike you if you were a stranger. They had a simplicity, a wholesomeness and an open heart I have never found anywhere else in the United States.

I came into town hitch-hiking. I was twenty-one then, just a kid out tramping around. It made no difference to those people.

Six men went with me to every store and concession in Angel's Camp and stayed with me until I found a job so I could remain there the three days

of the Jubilee. They got me a job running a chuckaluck wheel in one of the dance halls. The prizes on the wheels were groceries.

After midnight each night I slept on newspapers on the floor behind the counter of the chuckaluck wheel with my shoes under my head and covered by my coat.

By day, I got out front in the hamburger stand and barked hot dogs and hamburgers. All the gaiety and excitement, all the old glory of the original Gold Rush had returned to that town. The total attendance in three days, for a town with a population of 500, was 50,000. Every place was crowded, everybody was shouting and singing and yelling. Occasionally, a pistol shot burst like a firecracker. All of it was wonderful!

At the Chinese Den I met Clarence Winchell who, as a boy in San Francisco, had learned to speak Chinese and had become familiar with the famous Chinatown Tunnel. He had made a cellar into an old-fashioned opium den where he served tea and rice cakes and ice cream.

Clarence introduced me to the snake-charmer, a man of twenty-three, who stood all day down by the river in an enclosure filled with rattlesnakes and entertained people with his lectures on reptiles. This man, known as the Arizona Kid, had had a luxuriant crop of hair but had the barber shave out a great bald patch on his skull so that he looked wild, but you still could see he was not really baldheaded. He did it simply to gain

attention for his snakes. Peculiar reasoning, but that was Arizona! Clarence asked him if he ever got bit. "Sure," Arizona said, "a king snake bit me in the nose today." He had two scratches on the end of his nose.

Arizona said, "I was standin' up there on the platform holdin' this durn king snake in my hand like this, right in front of my face. This good-lookin' little woman was down front watchin' me. She was all eyes, what you call really astounded. So I made it look pretty good. All of a sudden, this big king snake, he leaned over and clamped down on my nose. His teeth was sure sharp! I taken hold of his neck and I got him loose, but he sure had a grip! I could feel the blood oozin' out of my nose, and this little woman says, 'Ooh! Is he gonna die?' So I put on a act for her. I made out my legs was gettin' weak and I groaned out, 'Oh, my God! Git a doctor! I'm dyin' . . . !' And then I had to laugh, 'cause that little woman she screamed and she fainted right there. Her husband had to take her out in the open. One fella down front, he got sore, he growls at me he'd like to bust me one. But I fixed him. I just picked up one o' my big rattlers and sort of absent-minded like, I held it over toward him."

"Suppose that rattler had bit him?" Clarence asked.

"Aw, man, I had hold of that snake so he couldn't a bit you; if you put your hand in his mouth, he couldn't a bit you!" Arizona said. "That fella he calmed down, too! He backed off into

the crowd and didn't say another word. I went on with my show . . ."

That Jubilee parade was one of the greatest parades I have ever seen, and I grew up with Mardi Gras parades. But until I saw that Angel's Camp parade, I did not realize that a parade could be a monument to a whole community. It was a village parade but it was an instinctive utterance of the American earth. Whole chapters of American mythology, history and legend rolled along alive in that parade.

III

It was led by a girl in white buckskin on a white stallion. After her came a stagecoach, the same coach that had made the run between Hangtown and Sonora, year in, year out. Then came prairie schooners, buckboards, buggies, men shoving pushcarts, cowpunchers, men with packs on their backs. Almost every man in that parade was wearing the same pants, the same shirt, the same hat his grandfather or great-grandfather had worn across the plains, or around Cape Horn, or over the Isthmus of Panama. And the women were wearing the same dresses of that argonaut age. None of the things were copies, everything in that parade was almost a century old. All those things had been in one or two, or even more, gold rushes. The participants were descendants of the argonauts, and the horses were descended from the horses that had plodded over the

face of the continent so long before.

Seeing frogs jump is like getting cornbread when you were all set for shortcake. It's also similar to seeing a favorite horse run in the wrong direction.

I pushed in through the dense crowd in the middle of the street and got right behind the men who were starting the frogs. One man had a large tin can filled with bullfrogs, and, without looking into the can, he pulled out a frog and said, "This is Leaping Lena." When Lena had jumped, he brought out another frog, barely glanced at it and said, "This is Happy Hooligan." He seemed to know the frog's name as soon as he touched its skin.

When a frog got on the starting line, reporters cried, "What's his name? Where's he from? Who owns him?"

And the newsreel men, flat on their bellies in the street, their faces jammed against their cameras, were calling out, "Turn him this way so I can get a fullface! Gi' me a profile! Gi' me a three-quarters!"

Only celebrities ever get that much attention. The cameramen were as earnest as they'd have been with the President.

"Where's that frog from?" I asked a man next to me.

"Oh, him? He's just a foreign frog; comes from Kentucky. Got another foreigner, too. Comes from Louisiana."

A hush came over the crowd. "Ssh! Be quiet! He's gonna jump!"

The message fled through the gathering like electricity. Silence spread over us all.

The great bullfrog sat on the line. His owner squatted behind him. The frog inhaled . . . the man jabbed him in the rear with a straw . . . the frog exhaled.

People leaned forward expectantly, and the frog sat there . . . and sat there.

Each frog was allowed three jumps. His owner could jab him with a straw before the first jump, but after that, the frog had to be left to his own inspiration. After he made his third spring, the total distance of the three jumps was accepted as the length of the frog's leap.

Just when people were beginning to think that that frog never would jump, he suddenly inflated himself again and everyone got ready for a great leap. And the frog jumped . . . two inches!

The frog sat there for a moment and looked around at the crowd, then he jumped three inches. So his jumping was over, and his owner, a little miffed, angry at the frog, reached out for him and the frog jumped. This time he did not simply jump, he sailed . . . he went six feet and cleared a man's shoulder and fell into the crowd.

Women shrieked, people backed away in great excitement. But this final effort did not count. The owner slammed the frog back into the can. It went on that way for more than an hour.

IV

I heard someone say, "Now, you gonna see a real jumper! Wait'll you see Spark Plug!"

Spark Plug was placed in position on the starting line.

"Gee, ain't he a beauty! He's a big one! Boy, what a frog!"

He was a giant, a monster. He crouched and glared at the newsreel men. Aloof as a pyramid, serene as a sphinx, he glowered at the cameras. No tax collector ever looked more grim than Spark Plug. He never batted an eye. The cameras clicked away, recording every glint of his eye. Reporters went around whispering their questions. "Quiet!" people yelled. Six or seven feet away from Spark Plug, the newsreel men were lying in a fan shape. A man beside me was almost suffering in his intense observation.

"Has he got room enough to jump?" I asked.

"Sure!" said the man. "It wouldn't mean nothin' to these here frogs if the' w'an't no space atall! They can jump twelve feet! Was you here for the Jubilee last year? No? Well, you should a seen it! Frog jumped eighteen feet. Just like a bird! Sailed! This 'n 'll do it, too! Why, he's been trainin' for a whole year! That's a fact, a whole year!"

"How'd he train him?" I inquired.

"Oh, he just made him jump every day. I seen him do it. Mister, he can really jump!"

The first thing Spark Plug did was

turn around and jump behind the line, but he was quickly caught and put in position again as people laughed. He sat there as all the other frogs had sat, staring and glowering like a monarch angry at his jesters. Everyone was silent. Any second he might jump now . . . and the crowd waited. News of his training all year had spread around. This time they'd see a great leap! And Spark Plug just sat there. His owner jabbed him once. But Spark Plug was in a mood. He twitched, and that was all. A champion taking his time . . .

Suddenly he inhaled, inflated himself. "He's gonna jump!" He grew bigger and bigger, the tension became electric, and just at the peak of it, he leaped! He scrunched all down and braced himself against the earth and jumped! And the tension vanished and people laughed in relief. A news-reel man growled, "Hell!" For Spark Plug had jumped five inches. He almost grinned at the people and then he jumped a piddling two inches, then he jumped another four inches. Less than a foot he had jumped, and he was the winner.

When his owner bent over to catch him, Spark Plug did the traditional thing: he deliberately leaped six feet into the throng. He was caught and plopped into a can.

I said to his owner, "They say you trained him for a whole year."

"Naw," he replied, "I caught him night before last . . ."

Down the street, I found a man experimenting with a battery. He crouched and touched a live wire from a battery to the stern of a frog and shocked him. Even that would not make the frogs leap. They padded ahead, two, three, four inches, lazy and indifferent. Finally, the man gave it up.

I could see only one reason for the frogs' unwillingness to jump, and that was that when they were placed on that concrete section of the roadway through the town, they knew the ground was hard enough to hurt them, and they would not jump. Even a frog must have sense enough to avoid splattering himself. If they had been placed on grass, they might actually have jumped.

It may be that since I attended the Jubilee, they have learned to give the frogs a break, and the frogs may appreciate it enough to make some of those eighteen-foot leaps. I wish I had seen one . . .

But it matters not how far the frogs leap. The thing about that Jubilee is the spirit of the people. All the old-time America we long for is reborn and lives during those three days in Calaveras County.

All I have to say now is to go back to where I started and tell you that the movies certainly did botch up one genuinely exciting story when they sugar-coated the genesis of the immortal Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.



THE ARGENTINE PEOPLE

By RAY JOSEPHS

THE average *Norteamericano*, confused by the increasingly worrisome Argentine situation, generally has great difficulty when trying to conjure up some picture of the average *Argentino* that will give a little sense to the news coming out of Buenos Aires. Usually the Argentine characters that come to his mind are: (1) the romantic, black-sombreroed *gaucho* who gallops madly over the *pampa* by day and serenades lovely, dark-haired *señoritas* at night; and (2) the dashing polo player, who travels about with a string of the world's fleetest ponies, tosses big wads of folding money around the better spots of Manhattan and Paris, and still sends orchids by the dozen to any blonde who catches his eye.

Neither of these mental portraits explains why Argentina has become the No. One danger spot of this hemisphere — ruled by a Hitler-admiring clique of power-loving colonels who not only have crushed out democracy in what was once the freest republic in the Latin Americas, but also have established a base for the Nazis in the

New World. These questions therefore remain: what sort of people are the everyday Argentines, how do they figure in everything that goes on along Rio de la Plata and what is there about them that made it possible for it to happen there?

That the Argentine colonels and the Argentine people are separate and distinct is clear to many *Yanquis*. Yet it is hard for most Americans to understand why if, as it is claimed, 80 per cent of the Argentine people are pro-democratic, some steps to toss out the military haven't been taken. The answer can be found partially in the simple Argentine economic set-up which has permitted Buenos Aires to rake in millions selling war-vital meat and wheat to the United States and England while keeping in with Berlin, and partially in the complex *Argentino* personality which most *Norteamericanos* have never tried to fathom.

It's far easier to understand Argentina's economy than her people. I know, for as a newspaper correspondent I lived and worked with them for

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the last five years. I met them in the days when Argentina was one of the most liberal, easy-going republics south of the border. I stood with them when the militarists gun-pointed their way into power. And I watched with them as the colonels' goose-step down the totalitarian road grew faster and faster.

Economically most *Argentinos* are better off now than before the war. They have probably profited more, and sacrificed less materially, than any other nation in the hemisphere. Other American republics have found many of their products no longer essential abroad; they have felt the pinch of war shortages and the paralysis of their trade. But Argentine beef has been so vitally needed by England and by our troops in the British Isles that, much as we've protested against continued Axis activities in Argentina, we simply, until now, haven't been able to do anything stronger because we had to have the meat. So Argentina enjoyed increasing prosperity. That sanctions against the purchase of Argentine meat would bring about a breakdown in Argentina's simple economy is admitted by Washington, London and even Buenos Aires. But what effect such action would have on the complex Argentine people is another question — one that has, as much as anything else, prevented the United Nations from imposing sanctions. While most *Argentinos*, rich and poor alike, object to, and grouch and complain about, the military dictatorship, a crack-down from abroad, it is feared,

might unite them in support of their government.

Many of the wealthy, cattle-raising *estancia* owners whose families have always run Argentina, don't like the colonels, for example, because they think them boors and regard them as uneducated, inefficient rough-necks who have seized power for selfish purposes. But they don't translate their objections into action. First, they are still selling their meat and wheat, and second, they haven't been personally affected by the regimentation and repression imposed by the Casa Rosada, Argentina's pink "White House." I recall talking to an Oxford-educated *estanciero* about it at the tradition-crusted Jockey Club not long before I left Buenos Aires. Of course, elections have been abolished, he admitted. But elections were never honest anyway, and just a routine to please the people. Perhaps there is official anti-Semitism . . . but it's not important; the Jews must be kept in their place. "Besides," he said with utter candor, "*we're* not losing anything." His philosophy was typical. The *estancia* families want no German victory but many are open admirers of Franco if not of Hitler. They are, to be sure, also admirers of England — but it is the England of Chamberlain and of the landed estates and the fox-hunting gentry.

It is certain no counter-move against the military would come from this top-drawer sector of Argentina — unless meat purchases stopped and imports ceased, and the *estancias* began to

suffer. Then the *estancieros* would take steps, and quickly, with every likelihood of success unless they were outstepped first.

II

What about the poorer class Argentines? True, they have always been politically more articulate than the *peones* elsewhere in Latin America, but they still have little or no say in the government. As in Hitler's early days in Germany, they have been promised all sorts of advantages — low cost houses, reduced food prices, better wages. Some have been won over, but most are not impressed by the *militares*. Still, like the *patron*, they haven't really suffered. They are still better fed, better housed and more self-satisfied than any similar group elsewhere in Latin America. "The man with the full stomach," as they say in Argentina, "rarely rebels."

It is from the landless middle class — the majority group — that the active support and the active opposition to the military stems. Argentina is the only Latin republic with a sizable middle class. It is concentrated in the big, cosmopolitan capital of Buenos Aires. To a large extent the middle class is made up of those of comparatively recent immigration, first or second generation, with Italians and Spaniards dominating. The army officer corps now in power has come almost entirely from this class; but so have the pro-democratic leaders who

have been jailed or who are now working underground in Argentina.

The organized workers, the students, the small farmers and the business men are generally pro-democratic. They showed this in their liberal political parties (since dissolved); and in their multitude of pro-democratic organizations (now outlawed) which in 1938 aided the Loyalists in Spain and later the Russians, the British and the Americans in this war. But all these groups are united only occasionally; most of the time they are disunited. One reason lies in the kind of people who settled in Argentina. Unlike those who founded the United States, they wanted material things rather than freedom. Fighting for freedom helped give us a national unity. But the very ease and abundance of material things — food, drink, the riches of the *pampa* and the *montaña* — has made the average *Argentino* careless of his liberties.

His country is so rich and has supported him with so little effort, that the *Argentino* often expects all, or almost all, from the weather and the land. Since so much of his wealth has come from nature, with comparatively little help from him, he has, despite his belief in democracy, become willing to accept that which falls his way, to ride with the waves, to drift and let the self-seeking *caudillo* map the nation's course so long as it doesn't interfere with his stomach or his pocket-book. The temperature of the vast, flat *pampa* is mild all year round, and so is the character of the *Argentino*. Cattle, the heart and soul of Argentine

life, never get indoors until they are on the way to becoming steaks. The chief worry is rain — which can't be controlled. Hence the Argentine is generally a gambler. Should his cattle and his crops go without water for any appreciable length of time, he may face ruin any morning — or contrariwise — be in the chips the next morning. And as with the roulette at Mar del Plata — where, incidentally, Argentines have built the world's largest casino — he hasn't had overmuch to do with it.

"*Dios [God] es Argentino*," say *Argentinos*; and since the riches of the *pampa* have given them more *pesos* to spend, handsomer homes to live in, better cars to drive and finer schools to send their children to than any other country in Latin America, *Argentinos* have not had to struggle as have the people of many other countries, for their freedoms and rights. As a result they have never developed any strong national culture although they have a strong national pride. Argentina's culture has been superficial and borrowed, lacking depth, an offshoot of continental Europe's — Latin, Catholic, conservative. Argentina's political standards have been those of the Vatican — hence a justification of long-continued neutrality because, it was sometimes claimed, the Pope wanted it so.

There is a vast publishing industry in Argentina, far greater *per capita* than ours — but almost no internationally known Argentine writers. The Colon Opera in Buenos Aires tops

our Metropolitan in gilded elegance, in stage equipment, in the lustre of its season — but Argentina has produced no great singers or instrumentalists. Her art galleries are Latin America's finest — but the Brazilians and the Mexicans who are looked down upon as mixed breeds have produced a fresh and original art while Argentina continues slavishly to copy the French. Even the biggest Argentine industries, the vast utilities and the endless railroads were developed by foreigners and Argentina was content to accept them.

III

Since Argentina's interest was always in her world markets, especially Europe, to which she was linked by tradition, race and religion, her newspapers developed an amazing interest in international events. But that interest was often deceptive. For although every *Argentino* who could afford it sent his children abroad to be educated and although his Avenida Alvear mansions outrivaled the Paris models from which they were copied, both to the *estancia* owner and the middle class *Argentino*, what happened outside — while something to be read and talked about — was still nothing to be correlated with what was happening at home, except as it might affect beef or wheat prices. Before the war, fascism seemed far off, and even the war didn't bring its impact much closer.

An Argentine congressional committee tried to expose Nazi plotting

within the army. Argentinos seethed with sudden indignation and quick emotion, but soon they lost interest and allowed it to pass with the headlines. After all, the steaks were just as toothsome and inexpensive as before and every kind of food was better and cheaper than almost anywhere else in the world. A building boom, much of it resulting from outside capital seeking a safe refuge, kept up employment even though there were no war industries. Clothes-loving *Argentinos* still got their British woolens inexpensively and unrationed — England had little else with which to pay for the meat she so badly needed. Pleasure-loving *Argentinos* found the theatres — Buenos Aires has almost as many as Broadway — still bright. The races at Palermo and the *futbol* at the stadium were as good as ever. Fortunate in possessing her own gas and oil, her own minerals and raw materials, Argentina had little or no rationing to bring home the fact that a war was going on. There was lots of money to be made by selling to both sides, so why be bothered?

Colorless, do-nothing President Ramon S. Castillo and those who backed him were certain all of this prosperity was due to Argentine neutrality. In truth, it was the result of Argentina's extraordinarily productive *pampa*, which *Argentinos*, characteristically, have always regarded as their own achievement; plus the fact that the British and ourselves kept buying even though no attention was paid to our urging that the Axis fifth column concentrated in Buenos Aires, and

even then planning dictatorship, be thrown out.

When, in the interest of preserving this Axis-aiding "neutrality," Castillo began blue-penciling the press which sought to expose these things and banning meetings and suppressing such evidences of pro-democratic sentiment as *señoritas* knitting for the Allies, most *Argentinos*, reflecting Washington's and London's own seeming indifference and indecision, paid little attention, or more important, didn't care enough to do anything there and then. They didn't like Castillo but let it go at that.

The Germans who had been training Argentina's army for years thus found it comparatively easy to persuade many of the younger, more ambitious and influential colonels, that a military dictatorship was necessary since Castillo showed signs of "giving in" to Allied demands that Argentina join in inter-American co-operation. To most *Argentinos* the idea of co-operation has somehow always meant submission. Traffic lights, for instance, could never be installed in Buenos Aires, since the *portenos* simply refused to take such a co-operative measure seriously, even for safety. The militarists were sold on the idea that even accepting lend-lease aid meant henceforth taking orders from Uncle Sam. But the thought the Nazis put across to them most successfully was that military rule must be established in Argentina to save the country, both from itself and the United States.

There is a mistaken idea that the Argentine militarists would like to have Hitler and Goering and Goebbels personally come to Buenos Aires. I know the Argentine military and know they wouldn't stand for it any more than would the most ardent anti-Nazis. Some dislike the United States so much they'd like to see a German victory. Others are still certain war will end in a stalemate. But their chief interest is themselves and they propose to stay in the saddle as long as they can, not keep it warm for somebody else.

IV

Unlike the European dictators, the Argentine colonels had no party or platform when they came into power. They represented no one except themselves and the Argentine army, which, although it has never engaged in a war since its battle with Paraguay about the time of our Civil War, has always been a powerful factor in Argentine life. The army has varied in size — it had about 50,000 men when the military took over the government, but is now three to five times bigger. It has always been a conscript army, with professional career officers at the top. The officers, 3,000 strong at the time of the coup, were the only ones who mattered, however, and among them, young, ambitious colonels dominated the old generals.

For close to twenty-five years a Prussian military mission trained Argentina's army officers, gave them

the goose-step, the high-collared uniform and the rule of implicit obedience. After the Nazis came into power German influence was intensified. The officers Berlin sent over to Buenos Aires' *Colegio Militar* were Hitler's star swastika salesmen. They picked likely fascist prospects to send on trips to Berlin. They gave the others a pride of profession and a feeling that "in a decadent democracy, the army was the stabilizing force."

Those Argentine officers who felt differently — and I knew some — were ignored. The Germans were content to work on those whose fanatic patriotism and super-nationalism could be turned to good account. Army officialdom, in a large sense, kept away from Argentina's partisan politics although maintaining a close watch on the national scene and especially on its congressional budget. But it naturally developed super-patriots of the sort who found in totalitarianism a congeniality they were unable to discover in democracy.

The small but vocal group of nationalists who were the only really active supporters of the military in the beginning, and who are the only really active supporters now, worked with the Germans who supported them in selling the army officers on several ideas — that Brazil was getting stronger and Argentina weaker under Castillo, that graft and corruption were ruining the country, that the Communists were getting more and more powerful and that the church was in danger.

When the army officers seized the

government, the promises they made were grandiose, but some of them didn't work out. Rents and food prices were cut and wage increases granted, but virtually all of this has been arbitrary. Landlords were simply told to cut and had no appeal. Minor raises were given lowest salary employes as the régime took over the unions and placed leaders who objected into concentration camps as "Reds." There was a vast new arms production program but the money to pay for it has come from seizing foreign-owned corporations. Later, in an attempt to win supporters, the military included another method — threats. Of the two, the latter has been the more successful from the militarists' viewpoint.

The threats have taken two lines — local suppressions and an attempt to build up Uncle Sam as the No. One bogeyman. Most Argentines have long considered their country the ordained leader of the southern half of the hemisphere. They consistently and often blindly resent having anybody else — especially the United States — challenge that idea. The military has made use of this resentment and followed the Nazi line that Brazil was being armed with lend-lease from the United States in order to bully and overpower Argentina. Both these lines indicate the militarists' present fear that we may follow up our warnings and crack down by refusing to buy Argentina's meat and wheat and refusing to sell her any of our goods. Such sanctions would, of course, re-

quire complete British co-operation, but the Argentine militarists know the decision rests in Washington, although they have sought to convince their people that Britain and the United States are in disagreement over the question.

Many Argentines who have belatedly come to realize that they can no longer, on their own, budge the ever tighter vise into which they carelessly allowed the military to push them, are themselves urging sanctions. They believe the present military régime came in as the result of outside influence and has strengthened its position because of our tolerant indecision and our great need for beef.

There is no doubt that the Argentine militarists would attempt to make sanctions appear as the scrapping of the Good Neighbor policy for the Big Stick and as attempted intimidation little short of war. Many *Argentinos* finding the going tough and reacting in their characteristic manner, would, not unnaturally, side with this idea and their resentment against the United States would grow. But it is growing anyway, even without sanctions, and our position gets steadily weaker while that of the military gets stronger. If, when cutting ourselves off from Argentina, we can get the message across that we can't live with dictatorship in our back yard, then I believe the Argentine people themselves will realize the time has come to act. They will overthrow the military régime and establish a government which truly represents them.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Philology

ON MISUSING WORDS

By T/SGT. PHILIP H. REISMAN, JR.,
U.S.M.C.

THE frantic drumfire of words that is being used to fight the journalistic and radio phases of the present war, proves that verbiage, like artillery, often falls short of its mark.

A common practice among feature writers, columnists, radio and newsreel commentators and, of course, comic strip artists, is to resort to "near enough" words. In their haste or carelessness they arm themselves with ammunition that doesn't fit their guns . . . words and phrases that don't quite mean what they think they mean. Considering that many of these words are destined to become permanent fixtures in our language, it might be well to give them their proper definitions. After all, there's nothing like knowing what you're talking about.

Take the noun, *convoy*. Through a constant, and almost religious, misuse, *convoy* may yet come to mean "flotilla of armed craft accompanying

a line of transport ships." Actually it refers to a line of transport itself; and that might be ships, trucks, wheelbarrows or bullock carts. To say, "The destroyer *convoyed* the troopship across," is to draw a ludicrous picture of a nautical piggy-back; for *convoy*, in the verb sense, means "to carry." The word *escort* is still to be found in the dictionary.

War words are not the exclusive property of the men and women in the service. They belong to the times. But if civilians persist in using them for their flavor, rather than their meaning, forgive us GIs if we occasionally wince. As the academicians among us would say, "Get hep to the step before you give out with the jive."

"The P-38, like an avenging thunderbolt, *zoomed down* on a squadron of Zeros."

The radio commentator who uttered that might well have added, "And Sir Isaac Newton did an Immelmann turn in his grave." *Zoom* is not onomatopoeic, comic strip slang, but a recognized aeronautical term,

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and should be used (in the presence of aviators anyway) only to indicate the sudden *upward* flight of a plane. A pilot skillful enough to zoom *down* would probably be able to dive *up* . . . but Rube Goldberg had better design his altimeter!

Round is a noun often erroneously used to indicate the discharge of a *burst* of ammunition. Barring a Ripley ricochet, a man cannot be felled "pierced in six places" by firing one round from a pistol, as was done fictionally in a recent issue of a women's magazine. A round is *one* cartridge, or *one* shell . . . no matter how collective it may sound to lady novelists.

Shrapnel is another word suffering constant misuse, even among military men, who should know better. It is becoming synonymous with *shell fragment*, which is decidedly not the same thing, as any red-leg artilleryman will tell you. When the air is thick with jagged scrap iron during a bombardment, it is less apt to be shrapnel than segments of the exploded casing of fragmentation or HE projectiles. *Shrapnel* consists, not of pieces of shells, but of hundreds of polished steel pellets, like ball bearings, which are loaded into shells, bombs, anti-personnel mines, and booby traps. If you ever run into either, it's nice, but not necessary, to know the difference.

Stick and *salvo*, in reference to aerial bombs, are often used interchangeably by folk who, I suspect, don't know the meaning of either, but rely on the flavor of the word to get their point across. When a bombardier

releases his bombs one at a time, in a line, to straddle a target, he is dropping a *stick*. When he unloads the whole rack at once, he is dropping a *salvo*.

Motion picture theatre marquees and newspaper headlines must use words that are dramatic, eye-catching, and economical of linear space. But these, plus delightfully illiterate "comic books," have managed to distort the word, *commando*, into a universal misnomer for some sort of super-soldier. Actually, a *commando* is not a person; it is approximately 584 persons, a specific British military *unit*. The name was borrowed from the Boers, who used it to designate groups of irregular cavalrymen, hit-and-run raiders, in the South African war at the turn of the century. Because of their cavalry origin, the proper reference to a single member of the *commando* is as a *trooper*. To call a British soldier a *commando* is as far-fetched as calling a marine raider a *battalion*.

Incidentally, the members of a tank crew are not *tankers*, *tankmen*, or *tanksters*. Because tank units, like *commandos*, have their origin in the cavalry, the crewmen are properly called *troopers*.

II

A *revolver* and an *automatic* are not the same thing, although you'd think so if you went to many detective movies or heard enough radio crime-dramas. A *revolver* has, simply enough, a *revolving* action: that is, a cylinder is turned, presenting a fresh cartridge to the fir-

ing pin each time the hammer is cocked. In an *automatic* pistol there is no revolving cylinder. The cartridges are fed by a spring into the chamber and, after firing, the recoil *automatically* ejects the spent shell, loads a new one into position, and re-cocks the piece.

The creator of a nationally syndicated comic strip, whose chief character is a member of an Army ordnance unit, recently introduced a Colt's service automatic into a prominent place in his continuity. Despite the fact that this strip is remarkable for its painstaking attention to technical accuracy, several times the cartoonist permitted his characters to refer to the weapon as a "revolver." How many policemen, servicemen, and others familiar with small arms (including, I suppose, gangsters) shuddered at this I don't know. But I can report that an entire theatre full of marines recently howled down a Hollywood representation of a courtroom scene in which a testifying witness committed the same blunder. A hapless script writer had put the awful word in the mouth of an actor portraying a ballistics expert!

Actually, most of the so-called *automatic* weapons aren't automatic at all, but *semi-automatic*. That is, a separate trigger pull is required to fire each shot. The true automatic weapon will *maxim*, or empty its entire load, from one steady pull on the trigger. That pistol we were discussing, therefore, is an automatic only in reference to its loading, ejecting and cocking action,

but in regard to its firing mechanism it should be called a *semi-automatic*. But it isn't, and I'm kind of sorry I brought it up.

There is, however, the matter of the *tommy gun*. Blame the caption writers for labelling all submachine guns *tommy guns*. There are many types of rapid fire shoulder weapons in use in all armies in this war, but only one, the *Thompson* submachine gun, caliber .45, Model 1928, can rightfully be called a *tommy gun*. This distinction may seem insignificant to a civilian, but to men in the service, accuracy and common understanding of terms are very important indeed. A man in the field armed with a Reising or an M3 submachine gun, for instance, would never carelessly refer to it as a "tommy gun" if he had to send back for spare parts. For all the good they'd do, he might just as well V-mail home for parts of his Aunt Amanda's washing machine.

If you enjoy being withered with scorn, just refer to an infantryman's rifle as a *gun*. Practically every flat trajectory shooting iron in warfare can be called a gun with impunity . . . except a *rifle*. Greater disdain can come only to a sailor who calls a ship a "boat." In the week following my enlistment in the Marine Corps, I inadvertently referred to my newly issued M1 as a "gun." My sergeant was horrified. As a result, I had to sleep with that estimable, but comfortless, piece of ordnance in my bunk every night for a week. Also I had to write the following five hundred times:

"Since 1775 every marine has been issued a rifle, and I'm the lucky — of a — who drew the first gun."

I've called my rifle many names since then . . . but never "gun."

And yet the leather strap attached to the rifle is called, not a *rifle* sling, but, and figure this out, a *gun* sling!

III

As a member of a Corps that specializes in the ship-to-shore operation, it always irks me to hear it called *amphibian* warfare. Ducks, turtles, alligators, and pin-tail widgeons, being *amphibians*, might engage in that sort of thing, but not soldiers, sailors or marines. These three species, like civilians, are *terrestrials*, and when they undertake a military landing it is for reason of strategy, tactics, or logistics, not heredity. The proper adjective is, of course, *amphibious*.

It's hopeless to mention it . . . but there's that word *jeep*. Probably the most popular piece of wordsmithing to come out of this war, *jeep* is misused so often by civilian and soldier alike, that there is little chance that it will ever resume its original meaning. After all, when a word creeps from our vocabulary into Bedouinese, Esperanto and pidgin-English, it's going to be pretty hard to change its meaning, so this is just for the record. No matter what your cousin at Fort Bragg says, a *jeep* is a command car, an open tonneau touring model, used mostly by staff officers in the field. Generals ride in jeeps. Enlisted men, second lieu-

tenants and other expendables ride in the little quarter-ton *reconnaissance truck*, which is the correct name for what you're thinking of as a *jeep*. I speak to empty air, I know, when I state that the affectionate term for the little puddle-jumper is *peep*.

Why is it that published photographs of any large vehicle with tracks are inevitably captioned as "tanks"? This is particularly true of *amphibious tractors* such as took the marines ashore at Tarawa. The LVT (or landing vehicle, tracked) is a cargo and personnel carrier, and has more in common with a truck or a boat than it has with a tank, which is a combat vehicle. They are called, by the men who use them, *tracs*, *amphtracs* or *alligators* (a later model is the *water buffalo*) but, please, not "tank." If you ever see an amphibious tank, it will look like a tank, not a barge.

Confusion rides in now on the *amphibious truck* which, in a muddy wire photo, can look like anything, including an LVT. Because of this, and the fact that it's used for the same general purpose, it often gets identified as an "alligator." It isn't. It's a *duck*. Just about when this is straightened out, along comes the little *amphibious peep*. Besides being called a *jeep*, it's liable to be called a "duckling." It's neither. It's a *seep*. And when they called it that they weren't just being quaint.

The vehicle with the wheels in front and a track assembly in the rear is not an "armored car." It is a *half-track*. An armored car is a civilian

conveyance used, I believe, for the transport of dollars, diamonds, and gangsters to and from places of safe-keeping. What looks like an armored car in the Army is properly called a *scout car*.

One thing more, on behalf of the Seabees: all caterpillar tractors are not *bulldozers*.

The lexicon of war words is large, and the people who misuse them are legion. These days a spade may not be

just a spade, but an *intrenching tool*.

Don't dismiss these words as limited technical terms or careless slang. They're fighting words and, in America, they have a way of becoming part of the language, not just of the millions of men and women in the service, but of the common tongue. They're earning a place in the dictionary, and they deserve to be used properly. After all . . . some of them have blood on them.

Medicine

AN INFLUENZA VACCINE THAT WORKS

By ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

LAST winter's epidemic of influenza played right into the hands of Army specialists. It gave them the opportunity they needed to test a brand new vaccine on a grand scale. Their data, published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, prove beyond all question that flu can be prevented.

In the 1918 influenza pandemic, twenty million Americans were stricken and half a million died. One soldier out of five was temporarily knocked out of the fight. Determined that history should not repeat itself, the surgeon-general established influenza observation posts throughout the country last autumn. The medical officers in these posts were there to detect the

earliest evidence of an epidemic and to do something about it. What they did with their new vaccine has made medical history. The influenza rate among vaccinated soldiers was cut by more than 75 per cent.

The basic research for last winter's defensive triumph began more than a decade ago. No vaccine could be perfected until the cause of flu was surely known.

Three English scientists were the first to prove that a filtrable virus, not a germ, can cause influenza. In examining throat washings from flu patients, they found a living substance so small it would pass through the minute openings of the finest laboratory filter. This organism, like the viruses of smallpox and infantile paralysis, cannot be seen with the highest-powered microscope. Research men in Russia and Australia applied a

critical test to the newly discovered virus by instilling a solution of it into the noses of volunteers. Without exception, these human guinea pigs came down with flu a day or two later. The organism is now called influenza virus A.

Working independently in 1940, Dr. T. P. Magill, of Cornell University Medical College, and Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., of New York University College of Medicine, discovered a second causative factor now called influenza virus B. Whether an individual case is due to virus A or B, the symptoms are the same. The illness comes on suddenly with severe prostration and the temperature may soon reach 104° F. Patients complain bitterly of backache while a cough and sore throat add to their discomfort.

Influenza viruses of type A and of type B account for about three-fourths of the cases of flu. The balance are of unknown cause, but a filtrable virus or group of viruses is probably responsible. Flu of unknown cause results in exactly the same set of symptoms observed in influenza A or B. It requires a complicated laboratory test of blood or sputum to decide the group in which a case belongs.

As far as you are concerned, it doesn't matter which virus strikes you, but from the standpoint of vaccination and immunity the difference between organisms is of the utmost importance. You recover from influenza A because your blood becomes loaded with antibodies specifically antagonistic to virus A. As long as enough of

these antibodies remain in your blood, you are immune to virus A. In the same manner, your blood responds to infection with virus B by the production of antibodies whose one and only function is to combat virus B. Although influenza B and influenza A seem to be identical, there is this basic difference: an attack of one does not confer immunity against the other, or against flu caused by unknown viruses. This explains why you can have a second or even a third attack of flu in quick succession.

II

Soon after the discovery of virus A, a vaccine was made containing killed virus cultures. Theoretically the inactivated virus should call out an antibody response and an immunity should develop just as immunity follows smallpox vaccination. In a California experiment including nearly 300 persons, the vaccine gave only about 50 per cent protection against flu. Elsewhere the results were even less encouraging and research men were baffled. Why wasn't vaccination 100 per cent successful?

Now the explanation is clear: failures resulted because vaccination with killed virus A would not result in the formation of antibodies for combating the B or the unknown virus. Hence there could be no protection against influenza due to infection with these other organisms.

To prove that type A influenza vaccine would actually prevent influenza

A, doctors at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine carried out a crucial experiment. Forty-four healthy volunteers were given a single shot of A vaccine. A few weeks later, these forty-four subjects and twenty-eight unvaccinated people inhaled atomized cultures of virus A. Only one of the vaccinated volunteers came down with flu, but ten of the twenty-eight unvaccinated control subjects acquired the disease.

This rich background of research made possible the remarkable success of the Army's vaccination program when the real test came last autumn. A vaccine containing both viruses A and B was used for the first time.

The vaccine was tested among Army specialized training program units in thirteen colleges and universities. Each company or class was divided arbitrarily into two groups and only one-half of the men were given shots of vaccine while the other half received injections of salt water. Neither the men themselves nor the doctors who subsequently cared for them knew whether the real stuff or the salt water had been used.

The expected epidemic of influenza first appeared among the Army test units at the University of Michigan. The following week it hit Rutgers, Cornell, Minnesota and the New York schools, and a short time later it appeared in all the other units. By January 15 the epidemic had virtually subsided in all Army test areas. The results were remarkably uniform. Dur-

ing the epidemic, only 2.2 per cent of the vaccinated students came down with influenza, but more than 7 per cent of the unvaccinated contracted the disease.

Again, the early research provides a plausible explanation for the lack of complete protection with vaccine. It is probable that the flu in some cases was due to a virus in the unknown group, and vaccination with virus A or B could not be expected to prevent such infections. When the unknown organism or organisms are discovered and the proper vaccine component is prepared, it is reasonable to expect nearly 100 per cent protection.

Vaccine is the best method of flu prevention yet discovered. Its ease of application and its relatively long protective period make it far superior to an immune serum which was discussed widely a few months ago. Immune serum obtained from influenza vaccinated animals contains specific antibodies. When it is sprayed into the lungs with a complicated and costly atomizer, temporary protection seems to result. The effect persists only as long as the serum remains in the respiratory tract — three or four days at the most — whereas the immunity acquired by vaccination lasts long enough to give protection for the duration of an epidemic.

Influenza vaccine is not yet available for civilians; but since epidemics average only one in two years, there should be plenty of it before the next outbreak.

MY BROTHER WHO TALKED WITH HORSES

BY MORTON THOMPSON

FOR six years, from the time he was ten, my brother was Lewie the Horse. I named him that, and that was how people knew of him and how many know of him to this day. There wasn't anything else to call him. He lived among horses, ate with them, and dreamed their dreams. He smelled of them. He would have slept beneath them, or on top of them, if he could have. He talked to them.

That was Lewie the Horse's secret. He talked to horses. And by God, they talked back.

It began the year we shipped him off to a small private school near San Diego. It was in the backwoods, a most admirable private school; every boy had a rifle and every boy had a horse. They ran about wearing nothing except shorts. Their marks were amazingly high. If they didn't study they were kept in. It is an awful thing to be kept in. To be kept in — barefoot — while the rest of the boys were out hysterically squilching dust between their toes, chasing quail, doctoring

horses, or just playing squat tag in a cactus patch, was a penalty so horrid and loathsome and against nature that at the end of each year every kid was valedictorian.

Now Lewie's father was a notable horseman. Dad once had five hotels in New York City, and he was always fretting about in one or the other, but he never missed a day at Durland's or the Central Park bridle path. Early in the mornings he would find the most unmanageable horse in New York State and get on and leave the world of cares behind him. Once or twice I went with him. He always forgot I was along. He would ride on to the bridle strip and once there his horse invariably seemed to know what was expected of him and would go nuts. At this juncture Dad would relax and start talking to himself.

"Ho!" he would holler. "What do you think *you're* doing? Ho! C'mere! Gonna fire that son of a bitch Howard if it's the last thing on earth I ever — Ho! What do you think *you're* doing?"

MORTON THOMPSON, *who was a writer of screen stories, radio scripts and magazine articles before he entered the Army, in which he is a staff sergeant, wrote this piece about his brother two years ago. The brother, Air Cadet Lewis Marshall Thompson II, was killed in January. The article will form part of the book, Joe, the Wounded Tennis Player, to be published by Doubleday, Doran.*

This would go on for hours. I think he got a sort of release that way. Dad never discussed his problems with anyone except a horse, a wild, lively horse; and he probably reasoned that if the horse was lively enough he wouldn't remember what Dad had been saying and use it against him. He was a magnificent horseman. No horse ever threw him and all of them were maniacs.

I think it was from Dad that Lewie got sib to horses. The school's horses were purchased from a nearby Indian tribe. They cost twenty-five dollars each. The Indians were indifferent to what horse the school picked; they just took the twenty-five dollars and waved vaguely at the range. These Indian ponies roamed unbroken. Lewie got his own horse simply by going out on the range with a rope and pattering barefoot after the one he wanted, and nobody knows how he did it, but late that night he rode jauntily into the school corral, bareback, guiding the horse with a rope. I was familiar, at the end of his first year at the school, with his uncanny ability with horses. Every time I visited him he put on an exhibition for me. When he was eleven he rode a horse over a four-foot jump, bareback, standing erect. He was always in the corral.

II

And then one day, when he was twelve, I was down at Caliente for the races. I bumped into Lewie. The school had been given a holiday, and for a

treat all the kids were taken to the track. Lewie was at the stables, his face in the stalls; I cuffed him and asked him what he was doing. He was getting ready for the next race. His brow was furrowed. It turned out that the kids were betting on the races, betting their desserts. The odds on the board meant nothing to them. They had a fairer system. Lewie got first pick: he had to give the kids three and a half to one on any horse he selected. He had to *give* odds. I smiled tolerantly. It was as good a way of teaching him the folly of gambling as any.

"How many desserts do you owe?" I asked blandly.

"Don't owe any!" he said wonderingly.

It turned out that instead of owing he was *owed* twenty-seven desserts; everybody at school was in hock to him for the remainder of the semester. He said he always picked the right horse. I asked him what animal he liked in the next race. He went over to a semicircle where they were being led around. He pushed his way through the crowd of onlookers until he was practically under the horses' feet. There, as each horse came by, he looked at it questioningly. Four of them looked right back at him, craned their necks, looked him in the eye — and made noises at him.

He came back.

"That Number Four," he said, with the candor and calm of a small brother being sent to find out what time it is.

Number Four was twelve to one. He won. I got even for the day in just that one race. There were only three races left. Lewie the Horse picked the other three. Just like that. One, two, three. Four to one, six to five, and eight to one. He asked them and they told him and I bet on them. I went home delirious.

After that I wrote him long letters and made trips to his school in San Diego, trying to find out his secret. He couldn't explain it. Not in any way an adult mind could grasp.

"They tell me," he would say simply.

"How?" I'd persist.

"They just *tell* me!"

"Well, now look! Here's you and me talking, see? I tell you something — everybody can understand me —"

"Yeah. I know. They can't get over it."

"Who?"

"The horses!"

"Can't get over what?"

"You stand there wondering if they're gonna win. They tell you. And you don't believe 'em."

"Don't believe 'em —?"

"No! Who do you think knows better than a horse?"

"But I don't even understand them. Hell!" I said earnestly. "I'd believe them! I don't even understand —"

"I don't know why," he'd say, patiently and virtuously, "they talk perfectly plain."

"What do they say?"

"Oh, stuff. They don't feel good, or they feel good. How they think they're gonna run, what they think of the

jockey, the track, the other horses. Lotsa stuff. Gossip, mostly."

I had to see it work. My logic, that disastrous sense that teaches the difference between right and wrong to so many humans, including Hitler and Laval, my logic told me that at best the kid was lying and imaginative and that at worst he actually believed what he said. The best way to break him, in either case, was to make a spectacle of him. But at the last moment my heart misgave me. Lewie was a very good boy. Very quiet and sweet. I borrowed him from school and took him up to Santa Anita.

We went back to the paddock. He stood by the ring.

"Now talk to them."

The first horse went by.

"How you going, boy?" Lewie asked.

The horse turned his head. He looked Lewie full in the eye. He made a neighing noise.

"Muh-huh-oooh-hoo-hoo-muh-huh!"

The next horse came by.

"What do y'say, boy?" asked Lewie.

This horse made a different noise.

There were eight horses in that race. He talked to six of them. They talked back to him. He turned away.

"Come on," he said.

"What do you mean, 'Come on'?"

"You just want to know who's gonna win, don't you?"

"Yes. Sure. Who's going to win?"

"That Number Three."

I looked quickly at the tote board.

The odds on Number Three were eight to one. I looked back at Lewie.

"How do you know?" I said suspiciously.

He reddened. He looked at me crossly. "Didn't you see me ask 'em?"

"What did they say?"

Now he was no longer bored. Now he was interested. "Number One said he was hot but he didn't like his boy. Two said absolutely no. Three said he was sore as hell and out to take everybody if he had to kick 'em over the grandstand to do it. Four didn't care one way or the other. Five had a sore back, hurting him like everything. Six said he felt good, all right, only he knew damned well Three could lick him. The other two don't count. All of them said not to pay any attention to the other two. No good."

"That's what they said?"

"Sure," he said wonderingly. "Why not?"

I stabbed a quick forefinger at him.

"Number Five's a liar, then! Look at him walk! He's no sorer in the back than you are!"

Lewie the Horse looked me in the eye.

"What would he lie for?" he asked simply. "He said he's sore, he's sore."

Number Three won, going away.

Number Five broke down in the backstretch and trotted in, limping.

The rest of that day was a dream. Matter-of-factly Lewie talked to the horses. Matter-of-factly they answered him back. He didn't have a form sheet. He didn't know one horse from another. He simply talked to those

horses and they answered him back. It was sensational.

He picked six races out of eight.

In one race the horse he picked came in second. Lewie was livid with rage. He shouted so loud that waiters came running toward us and people stood up to see what the matter was. He couldn't be silenced. He didn't even hear me.

"That dirty louse!" he screamed.

"That jockey crook! That thief!" There were tears in his eyes. The jockey had pulled the horse.

Lewie never watched the horses run. He kept a pair of field glasses trained on the jockeys from the moment the race started until long after they had swept past the finish line. He watched only the jockeys.

And in the other race, there were only maiden two-year-olds. He liked to talk to two-year-olds, but he said they were unreliable. They all talked big, he said, and they all meant it when they said they were going to win. But they didn't know, really, what they were talking about. They were too young.

III

Many a time that season Lewie wouldn't give any counsel in certain races. He said horses were mischievous sometimes; they would all gang up and all of them try not to win. And sometimes there would be two or three or even four horses in a race, each of which would be confident he was going to win. And sometimes there would be a race with an out-

standing horse in it and the horse would say he didn't rightly know whether he felt like running or not today; and that was dangerous because half-way around, far back of the pack, he might suddenly decide he felt like running after all and step out and win it from the horse that had said he would win if the other guy felt lazy about it.

He said horses knew their own chances just as well as human runners; figured them out, figured out the other horse's jockey, knew each other's track likings. He said some of them were chatty and some dour, just like people. He said all of them were frank; they would say whatever they had to say, candidly, right in front of the others. They kept nothing back; they almost never pulled surprises.

He told me all this much later, when school was out for the summer and we used to go out to Santa Anita every day we could spare. I am ashamed to confess it, but that year I had a bank balance that was awesome. The only reason I didn't retire was that no matter how monotonously and inexorably he picked a winner, I always felt the next time he would fail. He never did. Not, that is, until he was out of high school.

He insisted that his secret was very simple. He talked with the horses.

I have noticed that if you don't tell a kid that he can't do something, something that is manifestly absurd to adult logic, the kid will simply go ahead and do it and think nothing of it. There is a strong bond between ani-

mals and young human animals. They seem to understand each other. They seem to inhabit the same animal world. They seem to anticipate each other and to reach across the chasm of logic that separates the animal from man; they seem able to communicate silently with each other. Some kids are closer to animals than others. Lewie the Horse just communicated with them outright. And they communicated back.

I have seen him do it so many, many times. I wish he'd never lost whatever it was. I wish I'd never profaned the thing by betting on it and capitalizing, in pieces of paper and discs of metal, on something like that. I'm a little ashamed.

I remember the day he told Jock Whitney that a horse Jock once owned would win the next race. We were down at the paddock, Lewie, Gloria Swanson, Whitney, and I. Jock snorted. The odds on the horse were 22 to 1. Jock preferred another. Lewie said Jock's pick was lame. Jock squinted, looked again, looked very carefully, then turned to Lewie.

"That horse is sounder than you, my boy," he patronized.

The horses went on the track. The race ended. The 22 to 1 shot won. I didn't bet on him. Who was I to take Lewie's word against that of the renowned Jock Whitney? The horse Lewie said was lame folded in the third furlong and came in limping.

Finally, the word got out, and from then on I had trouble keeping Lewie from being borrowed. Everybody

wanted to take him to the track. He didn't care. He'd go with anyone. He loved to watch the horses exercise, to be near them and talk to them. Many a morning he would get up at 3 A.M. and hitchhike twenty-five miles just to sit on the rail with a stop watch in his hand. He wanted to be a jockey. His bones were too big. Then he wanted to be a trainer. I let him have his head. I let him plan and dream his heart out. I got him books. I introduced him to owners. If it were possible for him to be a horse he would have tried for it; and I would not have balked him.

IV

My favorite director is Sam Wood. He is a gentleman and he has tremendous knowledge and knowing him is a pleasure. When Sam asked me if he could borrow Lewie and asked me to go along, I assented. Sophie Tucker went also. And Sam's lovely daughter. All the way out they kept tucking Lewie in with robes, anxiously. The day's performance opened with a horse named Cerro. Sam went down to the paddock with Lewie and me. The women stayed in the club house. Sam watched Lewie talk to the horses. Then Lewie came back and said Number Seven. That was Cerro. Thirty to one.

"Number Seven," said Lewie.

Sam thanked him gravely. He didn't change expression. He walked up to the mutuel window and laid a hundred on his nose. Cerro won. In

our box there was absolute silence. Everybody was watching Lewie. Lewie was calmly watching the horses pulling slowly to a halt before cantering back to the judges' stand.

Sam went down and collected his three thousand-odd dollars. The next race was something called Red Ensign. "Number Four," said Lewie.

We bet on Number Four. Number Four won. Odds on. And then there was a blurred succession of races, winner after winner, and Sam's face was white and so was mine, for we were both plunging; Sophie Tucker, as is usual with her, was betting on every horse in every race but playing Lewie's choice heavier than the rest. And even betting on every horse, she was so far ahead that she kept worrying about a holdup on the way home.

The fifth race came up. Lewie liked Number One.

Number One headed the pack by two and a half lengths. We went down to the payoff windows. We collected our money. And Lewie was through for the day. He wouldn't pick the sixth race. Said any horse could win it. Said all of them thought they could do it.

We begged and pleaded with him. "I can't tell you," he cried. "They don't know, themselves."

We bet anyhow. We lost. It was the same for the seventh. Only this time somebody came along with one of those hot studio-crowd tips; and we plunged. But plunged! We lost.

I hate to think about that eighth race. To this day I hate to think

about it. We were frantic. There were three horses that could win, and Lewie said all three of them could win it and he wouldn't pick any of them. He was astonished at us. There were nine horses in the race, and I bet on six of them. Sophie bet on the whole nine of them — twice over. Sam bet on four red hot tips. At the last minute he went down and bet on a hunch of his own.

We went home in a barrel.

There was all that frantic, lovely, growing money gone and we had had our hands on it, and if we'd only quit! Lewie was calm and entirely satisfied. He'd had a day at the races. He'd talked to some swell horses, he had steeped himself in the smell, sound, sight and touch of horses, and nothing else mattered. And it really didn't. It took me six years to realize this was true.

But that, at any rate, is how Lewie, now twenty and fast becoming a writer, came to be called Lewie the Horse. When he left the San Diego school the horses cried to see him go, his own horse in particular — I saw the horse do it when Lewie stood in the stable and told him he was going away.

When he was sixteen he suddenly stopped talking to horses and they stopped talking back to him. He got to be a little indignant about it.

"I don't know what you're talking about," he'd sometimes say. But I think he was a little miserable. I saw him try to recapture whatever it was, now and then, but it always failed and at last he gave it up. I think he outgrew it. Perhaps the city robbed him of the bond; perhaps if he'd stayed close to horses all his life he'd have kept it. He got to fiddling with form charts and reading voraciously about horses, to replace the knowledge he used to have instinctively. He can still out-handicap any newspaper predictor in the business. He can still reach into a clear sky and pick them and stun even himself; last year he picked Bay View, and I didn't have pockets enough to put the money in. He can still ride anything that doesn't fly. He can still move among angry, kicking horses and quiet them with a pat, a cluck, an easy eye. He loves them. He reaches for them.

But it's gone. He doesn't talk to them. Not anymore. And they don't answer back.



Americana —

❏ A dispatch — in its entirety — published by the *Los Angeles Times*:

LAGUNA BEACH, June 6 — Laguna's observance of Invasion Day was highlighted by an estimated 100 Officers' Wives Club members who gathered at the Hotel Laguna today to hear a lecture on the art of make-up and cosmetics. A luncheon preceded the lecture.

THE TRUTH ABOUT SISTER KENNY

BY ALBERT DEUTSCH

THE nation's worst infantile paralysis epidemic since 1916 forms a tragic backdrop for one of the most dramatic conflicts in medical history. The conflict centers around the Amazonian figure of the gray-haired, steely-eyed, strong-jawed Elizabeth Kenny, commonly called, as all Australian nurses are, "Sister."

A few months ago she seemed assured of a permanent niche in the gallery of medical immortals. Today she is again fighting fiercely against her old foes who may yet drive her back to her native land, an embittered and frustrated old woman. Once more the cynical taunt spoken by an Australian medico many years ago rings in her ears, "There is much that is good and new in Sister Kenny's method of treating poliomyelitis. Unfortunately, that which is new is not good and that which is good is not new."

Sister Kenny, who never minces words, snaps right back at her opponents: she accuses orthopedists—doctors who specialize in treating deforming diseases such as infantile

paralysis—of being afraid she will cut into their business; at the medical profession in general, she hurls a threat to turn her method over to chiropractors and osteopaths.

Sister Kenny, to be sure, is not always diplomatic, but regardless of her personality, her life and work, she will go down in history as an epic example of womanly heroism. Hers has been a life of sacrifice—and so full of quarrels that when she first heard the news that World War II had broken out, she remarked, "Well, I've had a war on my hands for the past thirty years."

Four years have passed since Elizabeth Kenny arrived in the United States with her revolutionary method of treating polio. She had discovered it three decades earlier when she handled an epidemic in an Australian bush village all alone. After that experience, this obscure nurse announced with breathtaking boldness that the standard methods of treating polio were more calculated to cause crippling than to prevent or reduce it. The orthodox reliance was on "im-

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mobilization" — keeping the affected limb in splints or casts. She denounced it as criminal. Since then, she has turned down many tempting offers of financial reward; as a young woman she gave up the man she loved in order to pursue her ministrations to the sick; she has endured almost uninterrupted humiliation and ridicule in order to get her method accepted.

Sister Kenny had already fought her way through Australia and Great Britain when she came to the United States. Her early efforts to gain recognition here met with such vigorous rebuffs that she started to go back home. On the way, her break came — several doctors at the Minneapolis General Hospital let her demonstrate on victims of an infantile paralysis epidemic there. The doctors were so impressed by the results they induced her to stay.

Later, these doctors, notably John F. Pohl and Miland E. Knapp, published glowing reports stating that her method was far better than any other. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis endorsed the method after an investigation by a scientific committee. The conservative *Journal of the American Medical Association* added its editorial accolade.

The rest is history. The Kenny story hit the front pages of the national press — the romantic story of the long, dogged fight of a lone nurse against a powerful profession, with the health and happiness of countless victims of a dread disease at stake, and a roaring climax in which the under-

dog triumphed. She received honorary degrees, lunched with President Roosevelt, was fêted from coast to coast. Hollywood started a movie, *The Life of Sister Kenny*.

The city of Minneapolis gave a handsome building to serve as a clinic and training center for Kenny doctors, nurses and technicians and called it the Kenny Institute for Infantile Paralysis. Many physicians journeyed to this Kenny Mecca to learn her revolutionary method at first hand — including several prominent orthopedists who broke from the ranks and rallied to her banner.

II

Perhaps Sister Kenny would not be embroiled in quarrels now if she had not insisted that both her method of treatment and her concept of the disease be accepted without being subjected to the exhaustive scientific tests which other new therapies must pass. Sensitive to human suffering and sure that she can ameliorate it, Sister Kenny flies off the handle when doctors want more evidence than well patients and her word.

Her concept of polio is founded on three basic principles: muscle spasm, mental alienation, incoordination.

1. The textbook concept is that the paralyzing after-effects of polio are due to the action of strong muscles pulling against muscles made weak by the disease's destructive attack on the nerves. Miss Kenny denies this. She says the central symptom is "muscle

spasm" (contraction) of the strong muscles, and that these muscles, not the weak ones, should be treated. Instead of immobilization (which is directed at the weak muscles), she advocates the immediate use of hot, wet packs (foments) to relieve painful, spastic muscles. "For generations," she says, "orthodoxy had been treating symptoms that did not exist."

2. "Mental alienation," according to the Kenny concept, is the inability of a muscle to perform its customary movement even though its nerve paths from the brain are intact. The muscles previously considered flaccid, weak or paralyzed are, Sister Kenny believes, merely alienated.

3. "Incoordination" is the tendency of other muscles to perform the normal actions of "alienated" muscles. This habit often begins by the patient's wish to avoid pain. Kenny believes in teaching the patient to think of and gradually to move the affected muscles in order to overcome the mental alienation and incoordination that, according to her thesis, result in paralysis. (But how, doctors ask, can a nerve that is not there respond?)

It is important to remember that Sister Kenny's concept of polio was worked out *after* her treatment was developed. However, the effectiveness of her method does not necessarily depend on the accuracy of her concept.

The Kenny concept more than the Kenny treatment is the crux of the present attack: though one group of medical researchers has verified her contention that muscle spasm is an

important symptom of infantile paralysis, several others have presented experiments tending to demonstrate that her theories are largely based on fallacious reasoning.

III

And so the polio controversy began again, with the spunky nurse flailing away at her opponents and, at times, even those who would be her friends. Personal antagonisms often becloud the issues at stake. Sister Kenny says that some doctors are trying to get rid of her because she symbolizes the revolt against orthodoxy. She recently charged that Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of organized medicine's leading journal and its chief spokesman, told her that she is no longer useful in America and ought to go back to Australia. Dr. Fishbein denies the charge. Although I have occasionally crossed swords with Dr. Fishbein myself, I must say that the journal he edits has thus far provided a balanced forum for Kenny controversialists.

Medical opponents accuse Sister Kenny of unethically using newspaper publicity in her fight for recognition. (Many, no doubt, resent the reversal of their authoritarian rôle toward the nursing profession, with a lowly *nurse* telling the doctors where to get off!) The buxom nurse retorts that she has been forced to appeal directly to the public because of the medical profession's stubborn refusal to listen to her until it felt the stimulating impact of public opinion.

I have seen enough of Sister Kenny, and heard enough from her collaborators, to know that she's a difficult person. Only in relationship to her child patients does she exhibit her consummate tenderness, inspiring courage and rare devotion. Some doctors call her arrogant, arbitrary and domineering. But can the medical profession justly expect only sweet reasonableness from a woman who, after years of personal sacrifice, feels that its blind opposition has cost the lives or health of thousands who might have been saved had she been given a chance to demonstrate her method in time?

At the moment, she is carrying on a heated controversy with the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which finances polio research, training and treatment with the millions of dollars it raises annually through the March of Dimes and the President's Ball. She charges that the Foundation's president, Basil O'Connor, discouraged her early efforts to demonstrate her methods here, and that the Foundation has given but niggardly financial support to her activities while cashing in handsomely on the publicity she has received.

Mr. O'Connor (who is now also chairman of the Red Cross) denies this categorically, pointing out that the Foundation has spent more than \$500,000 on research and training in the Kenny method, although it has given no direct grants to Sister Kenny — it never makes grants to individuals directly.

The Kenny controversy reached

its climax last June when the American Medical Association's Committee for Investigation of the Kenny method brought in an unfavorable report based on visits to sixteen clinics in six cities and an examination of about 740 polio patients, of whom 650 had had Kenny treatment.

"There is no evidence," the Committee reported, "that the Kenny treatment prevents or decreases the amount of paralysis. We criticize severely the oft-repeated statement of Miss Kenny to patients who have come to her after treatment elsewhere, that had this case come to her early, the disability would have been prevented. Such statements are not based on facts." Nothing has angered the orthopedists so much as this claim by a competitor that she could have saved many patients permanently crippled in spite of orthopedic ministrations. "How would you feel," one of them asked me, "if your patient, after seeing Miss Kenny, bitterly accused you of having caused his crippled condition?"

This deep personal resentment is manifest throughout the report. It reads more like a prosecutor's brief than a scientific document. Its bias is so obvious that it succeeds only in weakening the impact of certain criticisms which are not without merit.

The Committee grudgingly accepts applications of hot fomentations and re-education of muscles in the early or acute stage of the disease, but stoutly maintains that immobilization through splints and casts is necessary in cer-

tain cases. It violently objects to the Kenny thesis that braces are always needless later on. "We have seen Kenny-treated patients walking with the English-style crutches who could be so benefited by braces that the crutches could be discarded, thus liberating the hands for further use."

The Committee took issue with Sister Kenny's repeated claim that her method results in 88 per cent recoveries, whereas only 13 per cent of polio victims recover under "orthodox" treatment. "We believe this to be a deliberate misrepresentation of the facts," owing to Miss Kenny's "over-zealous" desire to put her method across. The 13 per cent figure, they said, came from an article which dealt entirely with "severely paralyzed cases." The committee pointed out that 50 to 80 per cent of cases recover spontaneously anyway, depending on the epidemic, "yet she assumes the credit for their satisfactory results." The report failed even to mention the many reports by respected poliomyelitis authorities which support the Kenny treatment on the basis of observed results.

One undeniable achievement is reluctantly acknowledged: "While the Committee disapproves of . . . the wide publicity which has misled the public and many members of the medical profession, it acknowledges that this has stimulated the medical profession to re-evaluate known methods of treatment of this disease and to treat it more effectively."

I attended the session of the AMA

meeting in Chicago at which this report was presented. I was struck by the fact that no discussion from the floor was permitted on this highly important and controversial document, although discussion followed all other reports as a matter of fixed routine. It was also noteworthy that the Committee was composed exclusively of orthopedists — long the spearhead of the Kenny opposition. The report would have carried more weight if physical therapists and pediatricians — who also treat infantile paralysis — had been included on the committee.

Miss Kenny, who happened to be in Chicago the day the report came out, called it "a prejudiced piece of utter nonsense." She told me she was there on the invitation of a committeeman who signed the report — to consult with him on a polio patient! Another Committee member, Dr. Henry R. McCarroll of St. Louis, had long been engaged in a personal feud with her, she added. She made the further startling claim that when the Committee visited the Minneapolis General Hospital to see her treatment in action, members said before witnesses that "the results obtained here are excellent and far outshine those obtained anywhere else."

She added, "I have demonstrated in hundreds of authenticated cases that my method is the best. [It] has succeeded in restoring functions and correcting deformities in many cases where orthodox treatment has failed

and where the patient was given up as hopeless by the doctors." She proceeded to list a number of specific instances of this kind.

"I do not consider as authoritative a report made by men who know little or nothing of my method. The opinions of physicians who have experimented continuously with my method for years would seem to bear more weight. Sure, those orthopedists resent me — general adoption of my method would deprive them of 40 per cent of their present practice." (Yet an increasing number of orthopedic departments in hospitals throughout the country are using her method in whole or in part.)

IV

The eagerly-awaited reaction of the National Foundation to the committee's report was somewhat in favor of Sister Kenny (whose great popularity among the laity has undoubtedly stimulated the flow of dimes). "The controversial situation as to the exact merit of each phase of the Kenny method," said Basil O'Connor in his cautious statement, "does not alter the National Foundation's policy in any way. The Foundation will continue to support testing and evaluation of the method in the many clinics and hospitals when carried out by physicians and institutions of repute. It will also continue to make available to the public such values as the Kenny method may possess by sponsoring and financing instruction

in the method to doctors, nurses and physical therapy technicians. . . ."

When a severe polio epidemic hit North Carolina last July, the Foundation promptly dispatched teams of Kenny-trained workers to the stricken area. Since then, it has helped other bad epidemic spots in the same way.

Dr. Don W. Gudakunst, the Foundation's medical director and a leading authority on polio, stands somewhere between the standpat orthopedists and Kenny's all-out supporters. "You can't treat polio by the book," he says. "It shows great variations in individual cases and in different outbreaks. . . . It still kills and cripples, but those that aren't killed will get along lots better, thanks to the recent contributions of Miss Kenny and others."

He lists five positive contributions of the Kenny method:

1. It brings physical therapy promptly, thus minimizing contraction of muscles.

2. It relieves pain in the acute stage.

3. It makes the most, through good muscle reeducation, of those muscles that are left intact.

4. It provides constant treatment, and generous amounts of it.

5. It inspires a cheery atmosphere in the sickroom which instills hope and confidence in the patient — an important psychological boost to the patient's recovery.

Kenny advocates would add that many indirect benefits of the treatment seem to be beyond dispute:

it has revitalized an important section of the medical profession, thus bringing closer the final conquest of this dread disease; it has brought hope and optimism into a field previously characterized by gloom and pessimism; it has minimized the fear in parents' hearts of a disease which, though its victims are few compared with those of other scourges, leaves terrible marks.

The Kenny method is much more expensive than conventional methods, requiring the constant presence of nurses and technicians under medical supervision. But it pays for itself many times over, Kenny enthusiasts say, in terms of patients restored to lives of useful citizenship and independence.

Sister Kenny's opponents deny this, hinting that her ministrations are so much abracadabra and deploring the false hopes they say she arouses.

The whole debate might be settled by a single experiment — if the experiment were possible. Suppose, in a good-sized epidemic, a certain number of beds in a hospital — say 100 — were equally divided among patients treated by the Kenny method and the conventional method, and the results were compared, Sister Kenny and her critics would have the answer. There would be no more to say. But experts say such a test can never take place; no American mother would allow her

child to be subjected to conventional treatment while some other child got Kenny hot packs, Kenny massage and Kenny muscle re-education.

For some time, government health authorities and officials of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis have been seeking to devise a joint project for evaluating the various systems of treating polio — including the Kenny method — on a national scale. No mutually satisfactory project has yet been devised. Meanwhile, in a score or more research centers, scientists are digging at the basic secrets of the dread disease, which has thus far defied all efforts to cure or prevent it. (The Kenny treatment is no cure; it simply seeks to prevent the crippling after-effects of polio.) Penicillin has thus far proved of no value in treating polio.

The fruits of scientific research in infantile paralysis to date have been niggardly. In time, however, the little scraps of evidence emanating from research centers may be pieced together to form a pattern leading to ultimate conquest of the disease. If Sister Kenny had contributed nothing else to man's knowledge of polio, her dramatic achievement in revitalizing scientific study would alone entitle her to an enviable niche among those who have contributed to human health and happiness.



MEN are generally more careful of the breed of their horses and dogs than of their children.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Keeping Up with the Joneses

PERFORMING in the public prints, Robert Edmond Jones, the well known scenic artist, issues, with a somewhat more copious spray of indignation than six or seven hundred other past joneses, the familiar demand for less realism and more imagination in the theatre. While it is far from me to disagree with him and his six or seven hundred antecedents on the basic principle involved, I think that he, even more than the others, is guilty of something closely approaching a tin-horn snobbishness, which is no way to win arguments on behalf of the theatre or anything else.

"The other day at a cocktail party," observes Mr. Jones, "I found myself discussing the current theatre with a very charming and intelligent young woman. In the course of our conversation she said to me, 'I haven't seen many plays lately; they don't seem so interesting this season, somehow, do you think so? But I did see one good play last week. You know the one I mean — I never can remember names — the one that has the icebox in it. Do you know, that was a real icebox and those were real ice cubes. Now, that's the kind of a play I like.'"

Whereat Mr. Jones, his æsthetic soul revolted, shudderingly exclaims,

"Ice cubes!" as if they were the effluvium of a skunk.

Partly regaining his equilibrium, Mr. Jones then proceeds agonizedly to reflect on "the Childs restaurant which David Belasco set bodily on the stage of his theatre in the third act of *The Governor's Lady*, complete with real coffee urns and real waiters and real butter cakes." His tortured conclusion is that "here we are, after thirty years, face to face again with the old conflict between realism and imagination in the theatre, the same preoccupation with externalities."

It is something of a pity that Mr. Jones' experience and critical faculties are not so developed as his exasperation. The Belasco play of which he speaks was rubbish and would not have been any better in the way of imagination if the Childs restaurant scene had been omitted or even painted by Mr. Jones, in his most imaginative manner, on the backdrop. Furthermore, when he singles out the absurd Belasco realism as typical of the theatre in its year, which was 1912, he indicates a very poor acquaintance with the period. On the stage in that same year were such hardly realistic plays as Louis N. Parker's *At Versailles*, 1780, James

Bernard Fagan's *Bella Donna*, Pierre Loti's *The Daughter Of Heaven*, Charles Rann Kennedy's adaptation of *The Flower Of The Palace Of Han*, Edward Sheldon's *The High Road*, Lady Gregory's *The Image*, and Edward Knoblauch's *Kismet*. Also Richard Walton Tully's *The Bird Of Paradise*, Compton Mackenzie's *Carnival*, Bernard Shaw's *Fanny's First Play*, Rosland's *The Lady Of Dreams*, the Hazelton-Benrimo *The Yellow Jacket*, Rudolf Besier's *Lady Patricia*, and Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire*. And in addition, numerous others such as Galsworthy's *The Pigeon*, Synge's *Riders To The Sea*, the fairy tale play, *Snow White And The Seven Dwarfs*, and Freksa's highly fanciful *Sumurun*.

Unlike the trashy *The Governor's Lady* with its real coffee urns, real waiters and real butter cakes, the current play upon which Mr. Jones heaps his scorn for its real icebox and real ice cubes (*The Voice Of The Turtle*) is a charming lyric comedy, imaginative, adroitly written, and altogether commendable. To sneer at it simply because it contains a few realistic properties, which, incidentally, are necessary to the play, is a childish business and quite as silly as it would be to scoff at Hauptmann's *The Weavers* for its real looms, real winding wheels and real cook-stove, at Shaw's *Man and Superman* for its real automobile, at O'Neill's *The Straw* for its real weighing machine, or at Sean O'Casey's *Purple Dust* for its real farm roller. Or, for that matter, at the production of Shakespeare's *Richard III*,

in which Mr. Jones himself had a big hand, for its real horse.

That Mr. Jones and the brother Joneses should either relinquish cocktail parties with their brain-confounding gins or select only those attended, God forbid, by professional critics, becomes further evident from his additionally derived indignations.

"I thought," he says, "of all the artists in other fields who have done and are doing so much to crystallize the increasingly dynamic point of view of our time." Whereupon he illustrates with, among others, the names of Virgil Thomson, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings, John Dos Passos, Ruth and Paul Draper, Angna Enters, George Balanchine and Martha Graham. "And then," he rushes on, "I thought of the output of the Broadway theatre of 1944, contemporary, so far as its approach to life is concerned, with the Rogers Group and with Landseer's *Dignity And Impudence* and with the barroom nudes of Bougereau. Why is it, I asked myself, that the theatre so persistently avoids the possibility of any contagion from the other arts?"

II

Since I do not cultivate cocktail parties and hence preserve myself in a measure from mist, I answer the question which confuses Mr. Jones. The theatre does not persistently avoid the contagion of which he speaks. What is more, it doesn't seem to profit greatly from it when it exposes itself to it.

Consider some of the very names which our friend stipulates, at the top of his voice. Virgil Thomson and Gertrude Stein collaborated on *Four Saints in Three Acts* which the theatre produced to no sound critical end. Mr. Thomson's so-called ballet-document, *Filling Station*, similarly didn't help much. Miss Stein has written a number of plays, all of them so bad that to produce them on the stage would be to suffer richly deserved ridicule. James Joyce has seen production with a play called *Exiles*, which was mediocre drama, and his *Finnegan's Wake* constituted the corpus of *The Skin Of Our Teeth*, which I am prepared to give to Mr. Jones as a present, gratis. John Dos Passos has been represented in the theatre by *The Moon Is A Gong* and *Airways, Inc.*, neither of which disclosed anything beyond an arbitrary desire to "experiment"; both were wholly negligible contributions to the drama. And E. E. Cummings, if memory serves, had his chance with a play called *Him*, which explored nothing in the vein of dramatic merit.

As for the others Mr. Jones sighs over, George Balanchine has already served the theatre, and often well, in connection with a number of musical shows and operettas, and Eugene Loring, whom Mr. Jones forgets to name, is responsible for a lot of the delight in *Carmen Jones*. Paul Draper has displayed his dancing art on the stage, and Ruth Draper her mimetic art, and Angna Enters her pantomimic art, and Martha Graham her choreographic

art, and one or two of them have further had a hand, if I am not mistaken, in certain productions. But, with all their talent, just how the drama can profitably catch anything contagious from Paul Draper's tap dance steps or from Ruth Draper's imitations, I, for one, must doubtless go to a cocktail party to learn. (It didn't catch anything, save a bad headache, from Miss Draper's colleague, Cornelia Otis Skinner, when she invaded it with *Edna, His Wife*.) Nor can I see, teetotaler that I am at the moment, just how Miss Enters' pantomimes might be instrumental in injecting more imagination into the drama than was injected many years ago by the plays *Sumurun*, *The Prodigal Son*, *Puppet-Play*, et al., or how Miss Graham has anything that might influence to their prosperity the imaginations of a herd of new young Eugene O'Neills or even Saroyans, presuming their birth or existence.

Apparently still inflamed by his Martini, Mr. Jones' dudgeon thereupon takes the form of a denunciation of more recent plays. "They are not," he cries out, "plays so much as animated photographs, candid-camera shots of life, living movies with a few exciting 'personal appearances' thrown in from time to time for good measure! They do not, properly speaking, belong to the theatre at all."

When Mr. Jones goes on the water wagon again, we may venture to ask him how the following recent plays fit his definition of mere "animated photographs, candid-camera shots and

living movies": *A Highland Fling*, *The Innocent Voyage*, *Hello Out There*, *The Pirate*, *The Patriots*, *Lady In The Dark*, *Outrageous Fortune*, *Career Angel*, *Sheppey*, etc., etc.

Melancholiously negotiating the olive, Mr. Jones sums up his laments, and thuswise finally composes his misery: "I tried to communicate some of these thoughts to my companion ('the very charming and intelligent young woman' who had made the initial remark about ice cubes) who looked at me with an expression of growing bewilderment from under her dizzy little hat with the hortensias on it. As I turned away to say good-bye to my hostess her voice followed me: 'Well, I don't care what he said, I liked that play!'"

As Mr. Jones turned away, my voice, had I been at the party, would have followed him along with that of the intelligent young woman's.

III

Mr. Jones and all the other joneses who have resolved themselves into an Imagination Salvation Army, commit, I believe, the same error in logic. That they are to be commended for praying for a drama that will more often fly aloft to the stars is surely open to no question, and I hereby add my own pat on the back to that of everyone else who has any affection and respect for the theatre. It is, however, their conception of what constitutes imagination in drama that transforms that pat on the back into a

more emphatic manual application to a somewhat lower section of the anatomy.

It seems to be their idea, promulgated either directly or by implication, that true imagination is necessarily and inevitably linked with experiment, and that, inferentially, it does not and cannot flower in the more conventional dramaturgical patterns. Among his other cocktail meditations, Mr. Jones, for example, nominated directly in this connection plays like *The Green Pastures*, *Mourning Becomes Electra* and *The Great God Brown*. Now, while there is no gainsaying that these plays were invested simultaneously with imagination and experiment, it nevertheless stands gainsaying that such non-experimental (in the jonesian sense) plays as, say, the same authors' *The Wisdom Tooth*, *Anna Christie* and *Desire Under The Elms* were, for that reason, devoid of imagination. Imagination, surely, is not necessarily confined to skeletonized scenery, masks, four-hour plays or sets manipulated, as in *The Skin Of Our Teeth*, which Mr. Jones also names, by ropes in the hands of the actors. One might even argue that such things and others like them proudly hinted at by the joneses do not even constitute experiment, since most of them, far from falling under the head of experiment, have seen previous use in the theatre.

The so-called realistic drama, further, has often shown an imagination far superior to what the joneses endorse as the drama of fancy, romance and

imagination. There is infinitely greater imagination, in any sound critical appraisal, in Hauptmann's *Drayman Henschel* than in something like Maeterlinck's *Alladine And Palomides*. There is much more true imagination in a play like Strindberg's *The Dance Of Death* than in one like Rostand's *The Romancers*. And I'll give Mr. Jones all the imagination he seems to be able to find in the aforesaid *The Skin Of Our Teeth* for the imagination in even a single act of a purely realistic play like *Of Mice And Men*.

But while the joneses, along with myself, may, whatever our respective definitions, demand imagination in the theatre, it seems to be doubtful that we aren't pretty much alone in the demand. Nine out of every ten imaginative plays — and I here submit to the Jones definition — which have been produced in our theatre in the recent years have, whatever their

quality, proved to be commercial failures. On the side of quality the failures have ranged all the way from *The Beautiful People*, *A Highland Fling*, *My Heart's In The Highlands*, *Magic*, and *Murder In The Cathedral* to, on the other side, *Lily Of The Valley*, *Mr. Sycamore*, *Talking To You*, *Achilles Had A Heel*, and *Kindred*. Dozens of plays, of relative quality or little, like *Thunder Rock*, *Time And The Conways*, *I Have Been Here Before*, *Heavenly Express*, *Love's Old Sweet Song*, *Across The Board On Tomorrow Morning*, *On Stage*, and *How Beautiful With Shoes*, which at their poorest at least ventured some imagination, may here and there have gratified the joneses, and here and there the nathans, but apparently they gratified no one else.

What the theatre evidently prefers is *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* and *Kiss And Tell*.



Politics —

POLITICS is the only serious subject that men think themselves qualified to act upon without any previous education or instruction whatever. If it happened to be astronomy, or botany, or medicine, or law, he would never be allowed to work in any of these arts, or to take a decisive part in the history of any one of these sciences without having, at least, acquired the A B C of it; but the awful fact of politics is that we do not take the trouble seriously to understand the political situation.

— H. P. HUGHES

DOWN TO EARTH

By ALAN DEVOE

Planarian: The Mind Below Mind

It is extremely easy to misunderstand the source of the observed behaviors of animals. With our constant tendency to make our human selves the center, model, and everlasting referent in this universe, we are readily liable to the error of supposing the raccoon to be a ring-tailed homunculus, the winging wild gander to be

an aerial homunculus, the evasive fox to be a crafty vulpine homunculus. By an act of imagination and ego, we project our own psychic content into the animal; and it may seem to us that the coon washes his food because he entertains an intellectual worry about contamination, or that the wild gander plots his migratory course by such



Fresh-Water Flatworm

By Frank Utpatel

calculations as an airplane-navigator uses, or that the fox slings a fowl over his tawny shoulder because he has reckoned, by only a lesser version of the same figurings a physicist employs, how to deal with the mathematical problem of the most equable distribution of weights. We readily come to think that animal ingenuities are our ingenuities, their actions but lesser and imperfect duplicates of our intellectual own.

The truth, as usual, is more wildly wonderful than error. The animals are indeed ingenious; their ways are cunning and subtle and even awesome in the efficacy with which ends are achieved; there is a wisdom in them. But the wisdom comes from no private and calculative kind of self-conscious deciding such as it is our own proud prerogative to exercise and exalt. It comes straight and unimpeded — without the possibility that a private mind shall deflect or distort it — from those deep sources of motivation which are older than the gift of individual thinking, older than individual will, older than deduction or doubt. It is a thing of instinct; it is a thing of the subtle senses and of spontaneous response; it is a thing of feeling and knowing, deep and sure. It is of the blood. In Santayana's matchless phrase, it is animal faith. It was our own whole motivation once, in an ancient, ancient day. Even now, let small children choose uninstructedly their diets and there is evidence that they select, by an innate knowing, the foods that we have modernly learned,

by following labyrinths of medical investigation, are the foods they rightly require. (Does the deer make a mistake about what to eat? Have the beasts any courses of study in pediatrics or in toxicology?) Set a toddler to walking his first few steps, and he will walk, unless special circumstances interfere, toward the east. He does not know that he walks east, subtly in harmony with the planet's directional spinning, nor why he does so.

Mark Twain remarked that a peculiar providence takes care of idiots, drunken men, and small boys. It is the identical guidance that forwards the destiny, by internal animal instruction, of the coon and the fox and the migratory gander. The world of complex idea-construct is not open to the animal. Its motivation is not derived from there. It senses; it feels; it acts.

To see animal behavior rightly, and not as the mind-shaped product which ours is, it is effective to look not at the sizable warm-blooded creatures which easily confuse the issue by their many similarities to us, but at some very low and simple form of creature which we realize immediately cannot possibly be directed by a deliberative brain. It is effective, for instance, to consider creatures like the planarians. These are the free-living (as distinguished from parasitic) flatworms, to be found in almost any brook. Most of them are a good deal less than half an inch long. They are simply leech-shaped little fragments of animated matter. But they are innerly moved,

and intricately, by those delicate sensings, feelings and responses that lie deeper and older than the human surface-acquisition that is the self-aware and independent mind.

II

The small flattened strip of soft flesh that is a planarian is expanded at one end in suggestion of a head and modified at the other end in suggestion of a tail. Toward the anterior end are the eyes: not eyes for seeing images, but sensitized spots perceptive of differences in degrees of light. At both anterior and posterior ends are concentrations of slime-secreting glands. About midway between the two ends there is a cavity or slit in the planarian's under side, and within this sheath lies a tubular organ that is in fact an extrusible mouth. The whole of the planarian's mottled, mucid body is equipped with numbers of cilia, by the turbulent churnings of which the creature is made to glide galley-like through the water. They are the reason for the scientific group-name, Turbellaria.

The brain in a planarian's flattened, slug-like body is but two ganglia. The branching intestine leads to no wastevent. Each branch simply comes to a dead-end pocket. The pocket is filled with ever-swirling, ever-flickering cilia which create a ceaseless current through the branches, and the wastes are swept out and disgorged the same way they came in: through the planarian's mouth. The sexual organs in each

planarian are both male and female. A planarian, female-wise, may lay eggs. Male-wise, it may fertilize them. It may do neither. It may reproduce itself simply by the fission of its body into two bodies. It is sexual and asexual, male, female, and hermaphrodite.

Dim and obscure is a planarian's being. It may seem a very far relative from the high hawk and the bright-eyed deer. Still, in the depths of it, it knows what it must know. Its flesh is informed. Its strips of muscles are permeated by requisite impulsions. It moves and takes its food and has devices to avoid death and for the ensurance of issue. A planarian is not unparticipant in the lore of life, subliminal, tissue-deep, after its fashion.

Summer and winter the planarian glides among the water-plants and algae-greened stones of the brook. There is a theory that some, at least, of the planarians are survivors from the Ice Age. At any rate they are untroubled by cold, and flourish in the iciest rapids. In warm water a planarian will die. It cannot see, but it can sense the lightness and darkness. So, let the strong sun strike its patch of water, and it shows what the scientific Greek calls a negative photokinesis. The planarian, that is to say, is obscurely troubled. With flailing cilia it glides out of the sunlight and hides in the shade. Chiefly, it does its foraging when its sensitized eye-spots let it know that night has come.

In most planarians there are tiny sensory pits at the anterior end. They may afford scent; they may afford

taste; they give in some form a planarian equivalent of such experience. By means of them, as the worm glides questing through the dark, it is informed of the presence of its meat. A planarian is carnivorous, like a leech. It will not scavenge on badly decayed food, but will make a meal of any fleshy animal tissue that is fresh. When it has found a prey — sniffing it out, like a fox, or detecting it by delicate awareness of vibration in the water and quickly gliding in the direction of the disturbance — it performs its eating after a singular and subtle mode. Out from the sheath in its belly the planarian thrusts its tubular pharynx, muscular and mobile as a snake. The tube gropes, grapples, explores. It pours out a slime upon the prey. The tube begins to suck, and the morsel is drawn suavely into the planarian's interior. Or should the prey be too large for this kind of swallowing, the planarian pours out digestive juices on it. Pre-digested, the meat is then pumped in, particle by particle. Having fed, the planarian draws in and sheathes its rubbery tube of mouth. It glides upon its way. If it does so steadily, even-keeled, it may be because it is one of the forms of planarian inside whose body is contained a statocyst. The statocyst is a balancing organ, precise as the gyroscopes that hold steady an ocean liner.

Mindless, sightless, having no consciousness, but following the bidding of chemical and organic urgencies, the planarian glides through its unknown world and performs its turbellarian

rituals. When the water is violently agitated, as by a big fish or other of its enemies, the planarian is moved to scurry away from the source of stimulus and seek shelter. When the water is gently agitated, as by some little creature on which the planarian may feed, it is moved to turn toward this small stimulus and approach it, extruding its groping feeding-tube and seeking the guidance of the quarry's scent. If a sudden drift of current should overturn the planarian, it undertakes to right itself by twisting into a spiral. Should food prove scarce, the planarian is endowed to survive that contingency. It simply dwindles. Gradually it consumes its own substance. It can make itself its own bounty, in this way, for a number of months if necessary, diminishing until it is scarcely a quarter or a fifth of its original size. Then, when food is found, it begins to grow again. With changes in the quantity and quality of its diet, the planarian shifts the color of its mottled body. A planarian is largely the color of what food it eats. Many a planarian's jelly-soft body is so transparent that the branching intestine, dyed by whatever foodstuffs it holds, shows through in a pattern like miniature fern.

The reproduction of planarians varies with locality. But commonly in the spring the planarian enters a sexual form and cycle. It is moved to mate, even as foxes are; and one member of the pair lays eggs which the other fertilizes with spermatozoa. From the eggs in a few weeks will

come infant planarians that are exact smaller copies of the parents, save that they do not possess the parents' sexual organs. In the parents themselves the sexual apparatus and activity are only a passing phase. By mid-summer there is no more mating and egg-laying. Sexuality has dwindled and disappeared, and the planarian has entered its asexual cycle. It continues to reproduce itself; but it accomplishes this by dividing its own body, and becoming, quite literally, two other planarians. The process of fission starts as a narrowing of the planarian's body just behind the pharynx. This "waist" grows narrower and narrower, until only a strand of tissue connects what were formerly the planarian's anterior and posterior ends. The connective strand severs; and what was a flatworm is become two of them, each of which will grow into a mature organism and pursue its own process of feeding, breeding, egg-laying and self-division. A planarian has no blood, no arteries,

to be injured by severance. It is equally "alive" in all its parts. A fragment of it, broken off by accident or enemy, can regenerate a whole new self.

When a planarian dies, it is hard to think that there has occurred the termination of a life. For a planarian can scarcely be said to have, in any sense of the word that we can understand, an identity. It has not a de-terminal boundary of being. It is less an individuality than a process: not an entity but simply a participance in the flow of occurrence. True, a kind of knowing infects the planarian. (Compound it, and it is what sends the geese winging south or north; compound it again, and it tells the fox the tricks of doubling on the trail.) But a planarian, dying, does not know it is dying. It does not know that it has ever lived.

By only a slightly awry application of a celebrated philosophical principle, we may say that it has never been at all.



HALLMARK

BY AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

SOME certain souls there are that lack
The high glaze of renown,
And yet it is as though they bore
The hallmark, or the crown

And crossed-swords imprint; sensing thus
The pattern and the grain,
Instinctively we recognize
The ware as porcelain.

THE LIBRARY

The Wily One

BY FRANCIS HACKETT

NEW England is really a nation in itself. Strangers who invade it may not be taken to its broad bosom immediately; there is a certain reticence and reserve about these native New Englanders, a stiff-necked righteousness in some of them, and a very positive detestation about giving themselves away or betraying their sentiment. Once the foreigner begins to know the shy birds, however, he discovers how precious it is to be admitted to their intimacy, and he values them especially for qualities of heart, the very thing in which he first supposed them to be lacking. They may not like to be told so, reposing as they do at their happiest in their own kind of eighteenth century villages, and among their pleasant folding hills, but they are by no means markedly dissimilar to their English forebears. Poets like Robert Frost walked right into English recognition, just as A. E. Housman could very appropriately roost in the foliage of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

But for a deeper knowledge of these Early Americans, especially in their political activity, and even more in their activity as Republicans, it is not

enough to look at their poker faces and think of the warm hearts behind them. You must go to an expert — an expert like Henry Adams. Many New Englanders shudder at his name, since Henry Adams does give the show away, but if you wish to peer into the relation of Massachusetts with the nation, particularly with Capitol Hill, and to estimate what all this has to do with civilization as an ultimate, you ignore at your peril *The Education of Henry Adams* — unless, of course, you prefer to skate around on the frozen slush which is now provided by innumerable prophets, wise guys, tipsters, columnists and commentators. These “experts” can flood any arena with a plausible surface on which you can cut figures and waltz in circles to your heart’s content, but the whole thing is a show on ice, and purely for entertainment. If you wish to get down to earth, you must pay a considerable price for it. But unless the rôle of Republican New England is understood, our national and international politics remain enigmatic.

One of the instructive conclusions made by Henry Adams in regard to Capitol Hill and the New Englanders

who frequented it, is to be found in a caustic remark he made on senators. "No man, however strong, can serve ten years as schoolmaster, priest, or senator, and remain fit for anything else. All the dogmatic stations in life have the effect of fixing a certain stiffness of attitude forever, as though they mesmerized the subject."

He was thinking of Henry Cabot Lodge when he said that. To Lodge as a young man he had been "elder brother or uncle since 1871." "With Lodge himself, as scholar, fellow instructor, co-editor of the *North American Review*, and political reformer from 1873 to 1878, he had worked intimately." But when Lodge had suffered what Adams thought "the misfortune of becoming not only a senator but a senator from Massachusetts," the human consequences were serious. The jig, in fact, was up. "Senators can never be approached with safety."

Now this is Adams' padded hammer hitting Cabot Lodge on the Capitol dome. The "stiffness of attitude" he politely ascribes to the dogmatic office. He does not say that Lodge was a stiff to begin with. But if the pontifical occupation turns blood to embalming fluid, what if the veins were blue with it at birth? What if the senator were an only son, trained by loving hands to move from the high chair of the nursery to the high chair of the Senate? And what if, as an encrusted senator, he were finally to lock claws with another crustacean, this time a great schoolmaster, Woodrow Wil-

son? Granted that Henry Adams was dead right on this matter of dogmatism, the dangers of it are great to any man in a toga. But for a Henry Cabot Lodge, on whom Karl Schriftgiesser has drawn a bead in his deadly book, *The Gentleman from Massachusetts*,* the dangers were not merely personal. They were a bitter calamity, and for the world at large.

II

Massachusetts placed power in the hands of Henry Cabot Lodge. From the outside this might look like a spontaneous act, for which the grave citizens were responsible. Such was far from the case. Behind Cabot Lodge there were no noisy vote-brokers like Kelly, Hague, Pendergast and Co., but there were gumshoe bosses to whom this Harvard intellectual had to make himself amenable if he wished to fit into the machine, and the hard price he actually paid for fitting into the machine and retaining office, Mr. Schriftgiesser has had either the diligence to ascertain or the wit to establish by inference. It is only necessary to give two modest examples of Cabot Lodge's idiom as a machine politician. One was his self-portrayal in what Mr. Schriftgiesser calls "a snide, and self-revealing remark." It was made in 1917, when the United States was at war with Germany. Lodge was horrified in September

* *The Gentleman from Massachusetts: Henry Cabot Lodge*, by Karl Schriftgiesser. \$3.00. *Atlantic Monthly-Little, Brown.*

that there might be a peace without victory, and he delivered a speech in the expressed hope that it would "help make it difficult for Wilson to betray the United States and the Allies by negotiating a peace with Germany with a view to the German vote in this country." As a machine politician, the vulgar motive he ascribed to Woodrow Wilson seemed to him perfectly plausible.

Another example of his depravity as a politician, in the machine sense, was his offering the humanitarians a gold brick in working for a bill forbidding child labor—in the sterile District of Columbia. This was intended to delay national action on child labor in places where the shoe might really pinch. It was foiled by Senator Beveridge, but it serves in its minor way to depict the peculiar conservatism on which Lodge's attitude had permanently stiffened, and for which he became nationally notorious. He was distressed by a humane proposal that might upset his steady, serviceable relations to New England manufacturers, but as a bit of parliamentary tactics he could introduce a measure for the District of Columbia, which is a manufacturer's Sahara. Senator Lodge enjoyed this arid joke.

To attack any man for being a conservative is to quarrel with biology and psychology. If Henry Cabot Lodge conceived that his own interests and the interests of his party could best be served by excluding American women from the vote, or by promoting

high tariffs, or by blocking what he dreaded as "socialism and anarchy," he was definitely within his rights. He was the kind of gentleman whom H. G. Wells might have called one of the *Samurai*, in the old days before *Samurai* traveled the way of *Banzai* into the discard. The argument for the élite has gone on ever since Cabot Lodge's great-grandfather dubbed Jefferson an anarchist; and on all those occasions when the Class Struggle poked up its head in the United States, whether fomented by William Jennings Bryan or Theodore Roosevelt, not to say Andrew Jackson or Jefferson, the conservatives like Henry Cabot Lodge naturally and even justifiably marshaled their forces to preserve a culture they esteem.

Lodge wrote prodigiously as a historian. He owned 20,000 volumes. He was one of those shuttlers who, the minute school was out, took passage to the playgrounds of Europe, where he associated with another élite. And if this Élite Guard felt that it had a precious way of life which ought to be maintained against reckless and ruthless barbarians, it was not for that to be condemned as inhuman. Barbarians do exist. Once restraint is removed from them, of one sort or another, they lay waste the fields that conservatives would religiously glean, and they cheerfully inflict on mankind deep injuries that are irreparable. Mr. Schrieffgiesser does not examine this aspect of a conservative's character, and where Henry Adams goes out of his way to declare how superior

Mrs. Cabot Lodge was, Mr. Schriftgiesser rather summarily passes her over.

But this is because Mr. Schriftgiesser is genuinely and illuminatingly intent on those aspects of Lodge's astringent conservatism which still concern an American citizen as such. Lodge was a favored son of an established clan with wealth and tradition behind him. This has its appeal in New England. His path was made easy by a cousin who published him, a friend who made him co-editor, a political group that saw in his name an asset, and various associates who boosted him, even to the conferring of a proud honorary degree in spite of his machine politics. He died in the purple, a senator and a millionaire.

Yet Winty Chanler called him the Wily One because no one knew better how to trade on these natal advantages simply and crudely to advance himself and his friends. He and his pal, Theodore Roosevelt, did not envisage service. They gluttonously envisaged office. They did it with the utmost frankness, in letters of mutual commendation, but laughing as they read the admonitory Springfield *Republican*, which saw the party "given over to the corrupt materialism of Hanna, the cynical political ethics of Lodge, and the swashbuckling fervor of Roosevelt." They had not only hard heads but thick skins. Yet President Theodore Roosevelt eventually shrank from the "trickiness and insincerity" that Mr. Schriftgiesser continually exhibits in Lodge.

The two friends parted politically when Theodore Roosevelt, much less frightened by the bogey of socialism than Lodge was, took bold steps to meet "progressive" issues about which Lodge was barrenly obstructionist, tricky and insincere. Theodore Roosevelt knew that the Republican party could never, by merely pounding a gavel on a table, bring the horrors of industrialism under party control. In 1912 there was a showdown; but it was not Theodore Roosevelt, it was Professor Woodrow Wilson who stole the show.

III

At the beginning of World War I, Cabot Lodge temporarily gave up the party game. "The allurements of political advantage appeal to me as strongly as they can to any man," he said. "But when the relations of my country with other nations are involved I cannot yield to them. My politics has always stopped at the water's edge."

He thought he meant it. President Wilson thought he meant it. But quite soon his friend Theodore Roosevelt was returning to the regularity of the party and the regularity of its animosities. Each of them incited the other to resent Wilson's "hypocrisy," "inefficiency," blundering and floundering. And by 1916, if you please, although Republican progressivism still palpitated like a fish out of party water, Roosevelt proffered to his faithful Bull Moosers this Cabot Lodge,

who "had hated the Bull Moose movement" with all his venom. It was obviously the outcome of Roosevelt's overweening hatred of the President. Soon Lodge was to garble a story about the President, in order to prove that Wilson was treacherously pro-German, after the Lusitania disaster. President Wilson hit back with tremendous indignation, and Mr. Schriftgiesser very properly lays stress on this miserable episode.

What followed was a duel to the death. Before the League of Nations had passed into party politics, Cabot Lodge grandly endorsed it, but once it was espoused by Woodrow Wilson in a supreme desire to aid mankind and to avert another war, this tight-minded antagonist declared, "I must think of the United States first." And by his artful dodging in the committee room he needled the Wilsonian proposals to death. Mr. Schriftgiesser follows this unprincipled sabotage in detail, and declares that Lodge started the present world catastrophe "that day when he sat beside Theodore Roosevelt's bedside plotting the destruction of Woodrow Wilson's dream for humanity." He bases this not on rhetoric but on resolute and painstaking citation of the record, for which he has used his head, his heart and his legs.

What is the discriminating critic to conclude? The Commonwealth of Massachusetts is no hotbed of iniquity, and certainly Henry Cabot Lodge was no Kelly or Hague. How, then, has human suffering meant so

little to this assiduous and even erudite politician, this careerist who became a great power not only in "my city" and "my own state" but in that battlefield of national politics where he was a consummate tactician?

His heart wasn't black, though Professor Munro called him "ruthlessly vindictive." Had he violated the humane code in lust or anger, had he dragged a woman into the bushes and killed her for the sake of a few dollars, we could recognize him as a black-hearted villain. When Ring Lardner wished to blacken the Champ as a villain, he made him hit his crippled brother, but Henry Cabot Lodge didn't have a brother, and he wouldn't have hit him if he had.

There is, however, another source of human tragedy which Mr. Schriftgiesser's book enables us to scrutinize at the source. Cabot Lodge's heart was cold. The snake in the Garden of Eden is the same as it always was. It is the intellect. Lodge was as bright as Mephistopheles, and just as malign.

IV

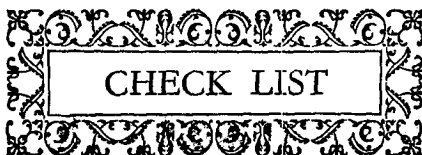
A man's detachment from the impulses of the heart may cause glee in the breast of a cynic; many observers are frankly amused by the sinuosity of a casuist who dabbles so little in the wet welter of mob emotion and can swim so adroitly on dry land. But what strikes terror in the more innocent, even those who do not confound agility with venom, is the antagonizing detachment of any slith-

ering creature, however good he may be to his own young or however kind to his mother. From the Garden of Eden all the way along to the conferences of Teheran, we look to see if the progress of the political mind is informed not merely by intellect but by human comprehension and empathy. When the Champ hits a cripple, something in us, no matter how scared we are, impels us to hit back. But when the Champ is on another plane, the plane of the insinuating snake, perhaps in the guise of a Fuehrer, we are seldom prepared for it, we are outraged but bewildered and baffled. We rarely reckon with the absence of heart. The really appalling crimes are not the hot-blooded ones. The worst crimes have in them a sort of frightening sterility. They contrive to exist as the snake contrives to move, without establishing an ordinary familiarity. We are at a loss to explain the complete dominance of the intellect in a human being. It gives us goose flesh even if its harmlessness is certified. And the truth is, unless the heart is co-existent, the intellect cannot be certified.

No one who reads *The Gentleman from Massachusetts*, for example, will be inclined to dispute Henry Cabot Lodge's intelligence. He had a remarkably good head. But had he a heart with which to balance it? What came of this completely dominant intelligence of his? Was he not so cold-blooded as to be dangerous? Was he not one of those reptilian intellectuals who, like the snake in

the Garden, propose an ultimate infidelity, and yet cannot be challenged except by a simple and loyal heart?

This is the conundrum delivered to us by Mr. Schriftgiesser's able volume. If we are already braced in 1944 not to repeat Woodrow Wilson's Faustian mistakes, should the field thereby be conceded to Mephistopheles?



(Continued from page 517)

MAINSTAYS OF MAINE, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. \$2.00. Macmillan. The eminent Maine poet proves again that he is a man of the world and of the kitchen as well as of the spirit. For nearly two hundred pages he sings hymns to several dozens of Maine dishes, from chicken dumplings to Abenaki clambake, and he reports upon them all in considerable detail and with gusto. Unfortunately, his gusto gets tiresome at times: reading over and over again such phrases as "food of the seraphs" and "nothing in the universe tastes so good as" almost anything cooked in Maine, is a strain on one's interest. But taken in small doses the book has many virtues.

ERNEST DOWSON, by Mark Longaker. \$4.00. *The University of Pennsylvania Press*. The author of the lovely "Cynara" has at last achieved the tribute of an excellent biography by a man who has the good taste not to cheapen the tragic life of a poet with tabloid tears. There is much new information here, especially about Dowson's relations with Oscar Wilde, and a great many hitherto unpublished letters. Dr. Longaker has fine literary manners, and while he is meticulous in setting down the truth, he is admirably careful not to equate it with rumor or deduction.

(Continued on page 638)

THE OPEN FORUM

"SWAPPING HORSES IN MIDSTREAM"

SIR: I think it goes without saying that THE AMERICAN MERCURY is about the finest magazine now published in the country, and it is no reflection that sometimes one of its writers goes awry.

The article [September issue] by Captain Lowell M. Limpus, contending that we "swapped horses" in the 2nd Seminole War, is — if you will pardon me — ridiculous.

Equally absurd is his comparison of the Dade Massacre (December 28, 1835) with Pearl Harbor in its significance to the nation. Also his assertion that the 2nd Seminole War was the "hardest and bloodiest we ever fought in proportion to the troops engaged."

First, the country as a whole paid scant attention to the Seminole War. Indeed, from 1835 to 1842, the nation was vitally concerned with other matters — (a) a great speculative fever, (b) crisis with France, (c) the first great American depression, (d) a tempestuous Presidential campaign in which log cabins and hard cider, and not the Seminole War, were the issues, and finally, (e) after Tyler succeeded Harrison, with the split in the Whig party and the President's vetoes. Compare the lack of attention to the Seminole War with the nation's preoccupation with what happened at Pearl Harbor in 1941.

Second, the decisive battle in the whole Seminole campaign was that fought in December, 1837, by Colonel Zachary Taylor. This resulted in the driving of the Indians into the Everglades. In this battle, the 4th and 6th regular Infantry, comprising about 1100 men, plus 500 Missouri volunteers, were engaged. The 1st Infantry was held in reserve. Taylor's losses were exactly 26 killed and 112 wounded.

Compare this with the Battle of Long Island, August 27, 1776, where our casualties were 2000 out of 10,000 engaged, or Guilford Court House, March 15, 1781, where Greene's total casualties, dead, wounded and missing were 2400 out of 4400 engaged. Or the Battle of Queenstown Heights, in the War of 1812, in which the American commander, Captain John E. Wool, reported 90 killed and 990 wounded out of 1200 engaged.

Says Army historian Oliver L. Spaulding (*The United States Army in War and Peace*, p. 162),

discussing this engagement: "No large forces were assembled after this, but the war passed into the guerrilla stage, little camps everywhere and little expeditions of 50 to 100 men."

Obviously, Captain Limpus has confused the sick report in the Seminole War with the number of dead, wounded and missing. As to this, Col. Spaulding reports (p. 163): "The country was largely swamp. . . . The summers were so hot and sickly that active operations were restricted to the winter months. This was excessively hard on the troops, for hard work and exposure in such a country and such a climate meant an enormous sick report. During the period from June 1, 1841 to February 28, 1842, the total regular force present was 5000 officers and men, but the sick reports showed a total of 16,000 cases."

The truth is the Seminole War was waged in desultory fashion. It was badly mismanaged, even carelessly so to the point of apathy. But it was not the "hardest or bloodiest" we ever fought. It did not figure — even remotely — in the 1836 or 1840 Presidential campaign, and it had no more to do with "swapping horses in midstream" than the flowers that bloom in May.

HUGH RUSSELL FRASER

Chairman, Committee on American History
Washington, D. C.

SIR: Arguing over the interpretation of historical events usually proves a waste of time, because there's almost always sufficient data to bolster conflicting schools of thought. And there's plenty to support my version of the Seminole War.

I can't, unfortunately, remember that far back, and so I have to rely on historians, but I didn't "confuse" any sick reports and I'm quite willing to meet Mr. Fraser's comparisons (with especial emphasis on the War of 1812).

Upton, a recognised authority, says, "The loss by death alone, in a portion of our Army (regulars), whose maximum strength during this seven years' contest was 4791, fell but 411 short of the total number killed in the War of 1812, in which we had more than half a million men." He gives detailed casualty lists and declares that "these figures" are "without parallel in our history."

Proportionately, that looks to me like the "bloodiest war we ever fought."

Taylor's victory in 1837 may have been "decisive" but the Indians didn't know it and Huidekoper points out that "during 1838 and 1839 . . . the bulk of the regular Army was occupied in Florida and the Southwest." Ganoce refers to "the absence of our trained troops in Florida" in 1838 and the Commissioner of Pensions reported 58,466 men engaged in that theatre (as against 2803 in the Southwest) from 1836 to 1843. Evidently there were a lot of troops involved, in addition to Taylor's force of "about 1100 men." That looks like a hard and long war to me.

As for my comparison of the effect of the Dade Massacre with that of Pearl Harbor, I must again refer you to history:

The frantic pleas of Governor Eaton, of Florida, and Governor Schley, of Georgia, are matters of record and so are the reports of the governor of Alabama. They sound as though that part of the country was panic-stricken and demoralized. I think it is Cyrus Townsend Brady who describes the effect on the nation at large. Huidekoper tells how "public opinion was aroused" to such an extent that the Secretary of War was making public explanations and pleading for more troops, while Ganoce explains how Congress was forced to increase the Army for this war, incidentally after Taylor's "decisive victory." The latter occurred in 1837. The war didn't end until Aug. 14, 1842.

I made no attempt to affix responsibility for the mess "as far as the change of administration is concerned," but only stated that "swapping horses in this particular stream did not speed up the end of the war."

LOWELL M. LIMPUS

Washington, D. C.

RESTRICTED PENICILLIN

SIR: Your article, "The Miracles of Penicillin" [August issue], said, "Solutions for injection must be prepared in accordance with a special technic which only physicians are qualified to perform." Also, "It will not be available at pharmacies in all manner of ointments, sprays, nose drops, and medicated bandages, or in tablets to be consumed like aspirin." Further, "It will probably be distributed to private physicians through established channels, without the patient ever seeing it before it is administered."

In other words, the iron hand of the medical profession, afraid, as usual, that the public might understand how to take care of themselves, has made itself felt. To give an injection — which

means in plain English to stick a needle in your arm or leg — is a simple thing a child of fourteen can learn to do and very effectively.

Penicillin ought to be available in all drug stores. The technique of injecting it ought to be perfectly understandable to all laymen.

FRANCES BURNS

Essex, New York

SYNTAX AND THE WAR

SIR: In these troubled days, with a world falling apart about our ears and with correspondents cabling incredible stories about mass executions in Poland, it is somehow reassuring to find an individual who can achieve white-hot indignation over a fine point of grammar. Perhaps it is well that [in the September AMERICAN MERCURY] Mr. William H. Rasche does find "the reason . . . is because" so revolting. Perhaps it is well for him to occupy his mind with these tremendous matters so that the more trivial events of the world will not be permitted to encroach upon his private, and disappearing, world, where the form is more vital than the substance. And his reason for so doing — well, perhaps the reason is because he shares with all other Babbitts (and every human) the desire to be important; and if he can't prove his superiority by finding fault with important things, at least he can find something insignificant and raise hell with it from an impeccable foundation of imperishable pedantry.

REESE H. WADE

Kansas City, Missouri

SIR: You are such a friend of beautiful letters that I suffer no hesitancy in addressing your attention to a locution which is so common it, too, may yet find its way into Webster — the justly celebrated middle-of-the-roader:

"She is one of the few women who *IS*".

"She is one of the few women who *ARE*", of course, as you jolly well know.

But congratulations upon an excellent September issue — Stimson, Stork Club and all.

JOSEPH HOLLISTER

Pittsfield, Massachusetts

THE DEMOBILIZATION PROBLEM

SIR: Alarmed at the prospect of the sudden influx of ten million war veterans into civilian life and competition for jobs that may be scarce, many well-intentioned people are supporting some sort of plan to keep servicemen in the services after the war until jobs are available.

A popular poll (*Fortune*, July) showed that

45.7 per cent of persons interviewed believed the Army should release men only when there are jobs for them. Only 44.6 per cent believed the Army should release men as soon as possible, jobs or no jobs.

A policy of confining men to the Army after the Army no longer wants them would be equivalent to telling soldiers the country they saved has no place for them. It would mean telling them they have no right to compete with those who stayed home for such jobs as there are.

As badly off as this country was during the late depression, no one would have approved forcing ten million men into regimented life at government expense as a solution to the unemployment problem. But what is the difference between forcing them into such a life to cure unemployment, and forcing them to stay in it to prevent unemployment?

This is not an argument against gradual demobilization as it may suit the Army's needs. It would not be wise, obviously, to discharge men while the Army still needs them. But if men are kept solely for prevention of unemployment, at some point the Army will cease to perform its primary function and become a gigantic, sleep-in WPA, without WPA's useful projects.

The military life may have a mass appeal to citizens of Germany, but to the average American it is a life undertaken with profound regret only when the country is in actual and obvious danger. He accepts its discipline, its confinement, its "plain, wholesome food," its restrictions on freedom of speech and action with resignation or mild grouching only because he is convinced the safety of the country demands that he do so.

He is likely to accuse the country of profound ingratitude if his reward for accepting these things is merely more of the same. A great deal of the morale problem so highly publicized before America's entry into the war arose because men — not so many as would have to remain in the Army after the war — were living the Army life without seeing any certain objective to be gained. What objective could they be shown if they were kept in the Army after the war?

Legislation now in existence provides that under certain conditions returning veterans may demand their civilian jobs after the war. A returning soldier may displace someone who had taken his job for the duration. Then this man will be looking for a job. Must the next soldier awaiting release remain in the Army until this displaced civilian has been employed and a third position has opened up? Until this civilian has been placed the country has an unemployment problem, and

according to the proposals, soldiers will have to wait.

With millions of workers to be relocated in peacetime one or more years will be required, even if everything goes smoothly. Meanwhile, the soldier who has spent from one to three years in dreary training in the States, and one to three years of hard fighting overseas, will be looking through the woven-wire fences of training camps, still dreaming of that unattainable blue suit, the home he left, and all the things he had promised himself while he expected to go home as soon as his job was done.

There are minds in the Army as good as those outside it. It might be a good idea to release these men whose youth has been spent on conflict with the country's enemies, and let them come to grips with the problem, too. It's doubtful whether others will tackle the ex-serviceman's problems as vigorously as he would tackle them for himself.

When the war is over, the man who fought it will have earned for himself the right to decide for himself how he wishes to live his life. If he is free, he may help to work out the solution to this unemployment tangle.

SERGEANT DON ROBINSON
45th Division

Overseas

WHAT IS A LIBERAL?

SIR: The ubiquitous question of what is a "Liberal" necessarily arises in connection with the article on Justice Hugo Black appearing in your August issue. Previous consideration of the question has already presented the following classifications:

(1) The "Liberal" who is liberal with what belongs to him. We have an illustration of this in the donations which were made by such people as Hetty Green, Andrew Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ford and others, and by which numerous hospitals, libraries, colleges, orphanages, churches, and other so-called charitable institutions were built, to say nothing of the great industries in our country which have furnished so much employment.

(2) There is the "Liberal" who has been liberal with what belonged to other people. These people have succeeded in diverting much of the money which went for the above purposes to other purposes, and it is significant that since these diversions there has been a woeful decrease in the charitable institutions and in the industries.

The second class is divided into several subclasses, as follows:

(a) The "Liberal" who diverted some, but not enough to discourage the producer; in

other words, diverted some of the golden eggs the goose laid, but not enough to discourage the goose,

(b) the "Liberal" who diverted so many of the golden eggs from the goose as to discourage the goose, and

(c) the "Liberal" who distributes portions of the goose as well as the eggs; in other words, destroys the goose that lays the golden eggs.

It is manifest, therefore, that some "Liberals" are helpful and others are harmful. Before it is possible to determine whether a "Liberal" is helpful or harmful, it is necessary to determine the effect of any particular "liberality."

It is significant that prior to the beginning of the last century there were no Liberals. This was due to the fact that there was nothing to distribute. Typical of the situation was the labor and effort required to produce food with the machinery then available, and typical of this was the fact that a man could thrash out only eight bushels of wheat a day with the then available machinery. Soon after the beginning of the last century there was instituted in this country an effective patent system, effective not only in issue, but in administration. Almost immediately the situation changed all along the line, and more and more was produced, thus resulting in much that could be, and was, distributed by these various types of "Liberals". Typical of this development is the combined tractor and combine with which a thousand bushels of wheat cannot only be threshed, but also harvested, in a day. Thus the production of wheat has been increased from one to two hundred times by this machinery. In everything else there was the same increase, differing only in degree.

That this increase was due to such a patent system is indisputable because it occurred only in the countries where such a patent system was adopted and administered. Natural resources, energy of population, etc. were ineffective.

It cannot be denied that those Liberals who devoted this surplus to charitable institutions and industry, which increased employment, conferred a great benefit upon everybody. It is perhaps true that those who diverted this surplus to such a limited extent that it did not discourage production did not interfere with the production. It is even possible that those who diverted all the golden eggs from the goose might not discourage production, but it is indisputable that those who are killing the goose that produces the surplus that is distributed are doing harm. Therefore, it is

necessary to distinguish between the latter class and the former classes.

An examination of the Patent Office records shows that from 1880 up until 1933 the number of patents issued *per capita* in the United States rose slightly but was substantially constant, and that after 1933 this relation rapidly declined until by 1943 the number of patents *per capita* in the United States had declined more than 40 per cent. Inasmuch as industry in this country has been based upon invention and patents, as President Roosevelt's National Patent Planning Commission found and, inasmuch as the defense of this country after the Pearl Harbor disaster was based upon the invention of weapons and the manufacture thereof by such industry, it would seem that any policy of "liberalism" which caused this decline in invention in this country was harmful; at least, the matter is entitled to careful consideration and wise action.

F. O. RICHBY

Cleveland, Ohio

"PEACE NOW"

SIR: Having read and reread several times "'Peace Now' Rests in Peace" [May AMERICAN MERCURY], I have come to the conclusion Messrs. Whelan and Johnson should be looked upon with compassion — poor wretched, wicked, evil-minded souls: devoid of human hearts — pitiful, benighted men.

Any sane person, regardless of his race, creed, color or nationality wants to see the mass slaughter of human beings stopped. I am for Peace Immediately. I am a representative of The Prince of Peace — a Baptist minister. I am a friend of the Jews, they are my friends; I am a friend of the Negroes, they are my friends; I have hatred for none — love for all. And if by sacrificing my life this competitive slaughter would stop: I stand ready to be crucified, burned, hung or shot, so help me God.

(REV.) PAUL RULOFF, SR.

Victor, West Virginia

CORRECTION

In "Inside the Stork Club," by Russell Whelan, in the September issue, it was erroneously stated that a certain fabulous tipper at the Club "was the late Duncan McMartin, an Anaconda Copper heir." Mr. McMartin is happily alive and hale. The tipper referred to was the late Duncan Fraser.



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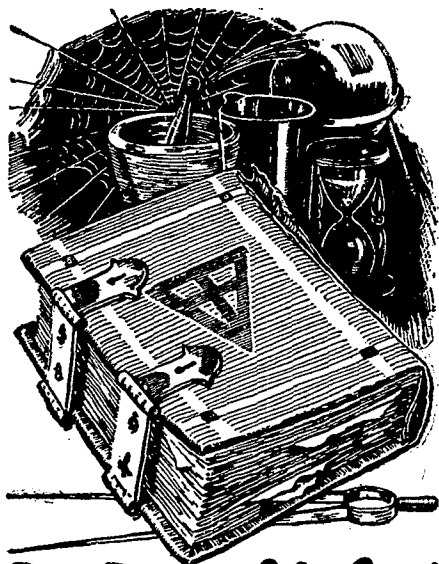


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CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 632)

WINSLOW HOMER, by Lloyd Goodrich. \$7.50. *Macmillan*. Dead thirty-four years, Winslow Homer, one of our most original artists — who has been called, and with much justice, "the Walt Whitman of painting" — has at last been put between book covers in a mature and comprehensive critical biography by the research curator of the Whitney Museum of American Art and director of the American Art Research Council. Appended is a charming chapter of reminiscences, "Recollections of an Intimate Friendship," by John W. Beatty. There are ninety-five illustrations, a chronology, and a bibliography.

ONE DAMN THING AFTER ANOTHER, by Tom Treanor. \$2.50. *Doubleday, Doran*. Mr. Treanor was society editor of the *Los Angeles Times* when his editor, with commendable perspicacity, made him a war correspondent. He was rather looked down upon by other correspondents, because he dispatched his copy by mail, and had a succession of difficulties with the more officious Army public relations officers. But never fazed, he managed to see the North African, Middle East, Burma, China and Italian warfronts close-hand, and this book shows his eyes were wide open. It is good reading.

THE TECHNIQUE OF BUILDING LEADERSHIP, by Donald A. Laird. \$2.00. *Whittlesey*. Dr. Laird, a former teacher of psychology at various universities, is an old hand at spreading the gospel of winning friends and influencing people; he began publishing books on this before Dale Carnegie did. This latest work is complete with mottoes to be removed and framed upon the executive's desk, and such ready-made guides to any problem as: "When you are in a restaurant with someone, do you occasionally have a struggle over being allowed to pay the check? Don't struggle. Accede to the other person's wishes." Unfortunately, there is no index to facilitate the book's quick use in such situations.

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SAVE FOR A TRIP! Today's no time to travel. But after the war—aren't you rarin' to go? To Yellowstone or the Smokies, or the new Alaska highway. Saving today can finance glorious spending then.



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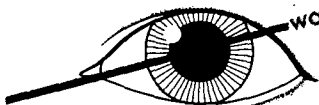
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A United States war message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

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